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## Mr. Butler's Old-look Budget

Mr. Butler's Budget is at first sight a very clever piece of politics. By giving immediate benefits to many of the most vocal sections of the community he has made an ingenious bid to conceal its real meaning. The Opposition in Parliament must make haste to expose it for what it is—a Tory Budget which goes as far as Mr. Butler dares to restore the catch-as-catch-can of Tory economics.

If the Chancellor's calculations are to make the sense he sought to convey in his Budget speech, they must be based on the assumption of an increase in national production for the coming year of nearly 3 per cent. over the financial year just ended. But what indication is there that anything like this increase can be achieved? For the first quarter of 1952, the output figures are lower than for the corresponding period a year ago. The Chancellor, in our view, grossly overstated the incentive effect in present conditions of the Income Tax reliefs; and nothing in the Budget proposals, least of all the severe cuts in civil investment, indicate that this trend is likely to be dramatically reversed in the next twelve months. Yet, without such an increase, the Chancellor can have no hope of achieving simultaneously the three principal objectives he has set himself—balancing our overseas payments, clearing the decks for the Defence programme, and maintaining civil consumption, despite increased production, at about the level of last year.

The clue to Mr. Butler's underlying deception is to be found in the investment cuts. The Government has not dared to cut civil consumption to the level which its own economic theories would dictate. So in an effort to conceal the dilemma for a little longer, the Chancellor has robbed civil investment in order to maintain for the moment the illusion of high consumption. But this is the point where Mr. Butler has shown his claws. A Bank Rate at 4 per cent.—it has not been so high since 1932—is a blindly indiscriminate instrument for curtailing marginal investment: its social consequences are bound to be a general reduction of working-class standards and growing unemployment.

If this is considered together with the revenue changes and the social service cuts already announced, it is clear that the main effects of the Budget, once the glamour of increased benefits has worn off, are likely to be a sharp rise in the cost of living, dictated by the slashing of the food subsidies, the increased petrol tax and, indirectly, the Purchase Tax changes in clothing and household textiles; an immediate reduction in the real incomes of the lowest paid workers, who gain nothing from the income tax reliefs; and a progressive increase in unemployment, sporadic at first and gradually becoming more general, especially in smaller industry. The first group to suffer will be the lowest paid, unskilled workers. For them, is there any alternative but to press for wage increases as rapidly as possible? No doubt the Chancellor has not forgotten the fact that trade union organisation is weakest among this group, who will not find it easy to press their claims. But it would be foolish to imagine that discontent will stop at the level of the unskilled, unorganised labourer. The immediate reaction of Mr. Deakin and Sir William Lawther to the Budget shows that they realise quite well what its long term effects are likely to be on the more highly skilled and artisan class, which at first sight seems to have done pretty well. Mr. Butler announces, amid the plaudits of his supporters and their attendant newspapers, "a new line to get us out of our difficulties." But, as the trade union leaders have been quick to note, this new-look is in essence a return to the old style of free capitalism, assisted in its operation by a deflationary monetary policy.

The political consequences of this may be far-reaching indeed. For if Capital is to be free, so must Labour. This Budget, in fact, marks the final passing of wage restraint. From now on the men will expect the unions to reopen the struggle for increased wages and their official leaders to lead them militantly in this task. Ever since the General Election most of the union leaders

—and Mr. Deakin in particular—have shown a strong disposition to co-operate with the Government. That was the hangover from Labour's rule, when the unions knew that, if they sheathed their swords, they would be by and large protected by the Government from the more extreme depredations of Capital. The fact that Mr. Deakin should now lead the chorus of trade union disapproval shows just how important is the train of events which Mr. Butler has set in motion.

Most of the "irresponsible" militancy of rank-and-file trade unionists in recent years has arisen not from any positive desire for Communist leadership, but simply because the official leaders have seemed unwilling, under Labour Governments, to champion their followers against a whole series of economic pressures and their domestic repercussions. From now on we believe that the leadership will find it difficult to resist the call to lead. That may be the most important of all the consequences of Mr. Butler's Budget.

### Social Justice?

In his broadcast on Tuesday evening, Mr. Butler made much of the argument that by setting increased income tax and family allowances against "more realistic" food prices, he had upheld the principle of social justice in his Budget. Actually, he has done nothing of the sort. In the case of families with two dependent children, the income tax concessions do not operate if the household's income is less than £8 10s. a week. As for the increase in children's allowances, the two-child family will gain 3s. a week, but lose 6s. in the extra cost of rations for rationed food. It is only when there are four children that the gain in family allowances (9s.) equals the loss through the cut in food subsidies. That is to say, the net effect of Mr. Butler's redistributive measures is to place an additional burden on the worst paid wage-earners (who are faced, in addition, with further increases in the cost of clothing through the revision of Purchase Tax), while childless couples with an income of £1,500 a year gain about 18s. a week in income tax relief, against a loss of 3s. a week through higher food costs.

### Hard Work

The changes in the income tax will no doubt please the middle-income groups for whom such concessions are a main incentive to vote for a Tory Government. But they have also been designed to serve as a different kind of incentive. Mr. Butler's theory is that harder work will now be rewarded by higher take-home pay. In so far as individuals are on piece-work, or able to work overtime if they choose, this may be true. But such productive workers are—as Mr. Butler's special reference to the miners implies—comparatively few. For the majority, the decision to produce more or work overtime depends upon circumstances over which they have little control, and raw material shortages and production difficulties may at present limit both hours and output far more than any unwillingness to work hard for fear the extra earnings would be swallowed by the Inland Revenue. There has always been a fallacy in the Tory argument for better incentives, and this Budget underlines it once again. The truth is that the changes in income tax relate far more to a "mood of enterprise" than to any immediate gains in production.

### The Australian Cuts

The Australian restrictions on imports are bound to have a serious effect on the British textile and automobile industries, and to react very badly on the British balance of payments. The exports shut out from Australia cannot easily be directed to other markets; and the consequences will be the worse because the cuts are to be applied to goods already made and even already shipped. Yet from the Australian point of view, severe cuts are evidently needed; for imports have run far ahead of the means of paying for them, and Australian sterling balances have been running down at an unprecedented rate. The root of the trouble is that Australia has been industrialising itself at a prodigious pace and has been allowing agricultural output to fall off because agricultural prices (except in the case of wool) have been kept very low in relation to industrial prices. Food exports have been allowed to decline heavily; and, as soon as the artificial boom in wool prices ended, the balance of payments crisis became very sharp. The remedy lies in a revival of Australian agriculture and in a slowing down of high-cost industrial development—as Mr. Colin Clark forcibly points out in a recent article in the *Manchester Guardian*. This will mean that Great Britain must pay more for Australian foodstuffs; the agreements under which we have been buying them at much less than world prices are largely responsible for the decline in agricultural production and for the accompanying drift of agricultural producers into the towns. This remedy, even if the urban-minded Australian politicians can be induced to apply it, will take time; and in the meantime the reduced drain from Australia on the dollar resources of the sterling area as a whole will be accompanied by an increased pressure on the British balance of payments. The cuts in Australian imports may be a matter of sheer necessity. But it is no less necessary to understand that the notion of a British escape from the crisis primarily by means of an expansion of exports makes utter nonsense in the present state of the world.

### Handicapped Children

It is clear that the chances of the better-than-average child are jeopardised by the Government's education cuts. Less obvious is the position of the "educationally sub-normal," roughly 12,000 of whom, though recognised as suitable for special schools, are still sitting in ordinary classes that will steadily increase in size as the effect of the new policy is felt. (No one knows how many "border-line" cases are merely reported to the health authorities as "ineducable," with no such trial period at a special school as is recommended by the Ministry of Education.) Last July, out of 23,000 "excluded" children known to the Board of Control, 3,500 were in municipal "day occupation centres" and 6,000 in M.D. institutions. The remainder, like the 12,000 on waiting lists for special schools (a total of about 25,000) were still idling at home. To deal with this growing problem, tragically familiar to all social workers, we need not cuts in education but more special schools, more occupation centres (in adequate premises, not in old church halls), hostels for handicapped young people able to earn their living in the community, and training centres where any latent skills can be developed as an escape from hopeless "sub-normality."

## WESTMINSTER

### Inside the Crisis

*Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes:* Bevanism has pretty well beaten the Budget most of this week for the headlines. However far from the truth some of the daily newspaper scribes have been in their "revelations" of the Labour Party crisis, they are correct in judging that the action of the 57 Members has been the biggest political talking point since Mr. Bevan's resignation a year ago. A week before the Defence debate a group of Labour backbenchers seem to have written to Mr. Attlee pointing out that the decision whether or not to accept the Government's Defence White Paper might be a highly contentious one for the Opposition, and proposing a reasoned amendment for discussion at the party meeting. This move, claimed by the Bevanites to have been in scrupulous accord with the Party's code of etiquette, was taken by the leadership as a serious challenge to authority. Mr. Attlee responded by persuading the Party meeting to accept an amendment for the Commons debate, which, while criticising the Government's administrative capacity, endorsed in full the Defence programme. From that moment, an open split was inevitable. Mr. Bevan and his colleagues in resignation, together with a considerable number of followers of varying opinions, found themselves utterly unable publicly to accept the Defence programme; and, when the vote came to be taken after a debate in which once again the Opposition front bench had put up a sorry show, they achieved a dramatic demonstration.

There is no doubt that by this stage the size of the protest represented a real challenge to the Party leadership. The result was a scene of passion in the Labour Party which has not been equalled for many a long day. The conformists were furious with the Bevanites for deliberately flouting a majority decision of the Party; while the dissidents claimed that the uncompromising nature of the Opposition amendment had been intentionally calculated to induce the split and force a showdown. If the matter had been disposed of before last week-end, it seems likely that Mr. Bevan and his more intimate followers would have had the Whip summarily withdrawn, and the split would have become permanent. Indeed, the Party leadership meeting the day after the Defence debate voted by 8 to 2 for the sternest disciplinary action—in effect an ultimatum, with expulsion from the Party if it were rejected. But week-end contact with the constituency parties, most of which, at the same time, support Mr. Bevan and desire at all costs to avoid a permanent split, convinced a majority of Labour M.P.s that discretion was the better part of rancour.

What actually happened at the Party meeting on Tuesday has not yet leaked out as fully as usual. It is clear that both the compromisers, notably Mr. Strauss and Mr. Strachey, and the disciplinarians presented resolutions to the meeting. The platform resolution, while milder than originally intended, still censured the 57 Members, demanded a personal assurance from each that he would in future accept majority decisions, and called for the reintroduction of the Party's

Standing Orders. This resolution, though personally sponsored, it is said, by Mr. Attlee, was heavily defeated. The outcome of the meeting shows the considerable influence which the dissidents now exert inside the Party. But it shows even more clearly the passionate desire of most Labour M.P.s to patch up the dispute and prevent a lasting split. It would be wrong to suppose that the undoubted reverse which Mr. Attlee seems to have suffered means that Mr. Bevan now commands the personal loyalty of the Party. On the contrary, the majority still have grave doubts about his suitability for leadership. The truth is that, on this occasion, the Party felt the split had been created at least partly by the official leadership, and it dispensed justice accordingly. If it had believed that Mr. Bevan had been wholly to blame, he would have been shown little mercy.

## PARIS

### De Gaulle in the Wings

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* M. Antoine Pinay did not find it easy either to get "invested" by the Assembly last Friday, or to get his Government together during the week-end. If he was "invested," it was only because 27 Gaullists disobeyed their sergeant-major, M. Soustelle. For this revolt in the Gaullist ranks there were some deep reasons. The Gaullist R.P.F. is not a homogeneous body, but includes—apart from real "Gaullists," out-and-out Fascists, and a Vichyite fringe—a good number of what one might call die-hard Tories, and it was chiefly these who ratted on de Gaulle. The "rebels," many of them mayors in French rural areas, knew that public sentiment in France was still very far from boiling-point, and that it was not prepared for the kind of commotions that might follow an inextricable parliamentary situation, whereas M. Pinay seemed to hold out the prospect of a genuinely conservative, pro-capitalist, *anti-dirigiste*, clerical, and anti-working-class majority—a majority the existence of which, as *Franc-Tireur* had said last summer, was bound to reveal itself sooner or later after the June 17 Election. Rightly or wrongly, they assumed that the "loyal" Gaullists would, despite their rage and fury, end up by supporting M. Pinay's die-hard Tory combination. This was perhaps underrating the explosiveness of the General himself; and also his determination on no account to support a Government in which M. Schuman continued to be Foreign Minister. While, on the contrary, if the M.R.P. joined the Pinay Government, it was in order to maintain M. Schuman at the Quai d'Orsay—and at the price of sacrificing all the economic Ministries run by such relatively pro-Socialist men like M. Buron and M. Bacon.

The Pinay Government was to appear before the Assembly on Tuesday; but already on Monday it became fairly obvious that de Gaulle would not allow his parliamentary representatives to support Pinay; so Pinay's only hope of surviving seemed to lie in Socialist abstention.

The Socialists indeed did abstain after a dry "we will give you a chance" statement. The Gaullists also abstained *en bloc* (thus, temporarily at least, restoring their badly shaken unity), the final Assembly vote being 290 for, 101 (Communists) against the Government. With less than half the Chamber actually *for* it, the Government's position remains precarious. M. Pinay himself, however, made a fairly good impression, notably when he spoke of price control and declared that the previously announced increase in the price of electricity on April 1 would not be carried out. But on the major financial problems he had little to say for the present.

De Gaulle, though using the "light touch"—a new habit of his—not ineffectively, nevertheless spoke in terms of a "Gaullist France" for which, he suggested, the day was now rapidly approaching. "Everybody," he said, "has been, is, or will be, Gaullist." (A nice totalitarian formula!) "National Union," he said, was something that had worked in moments of real danger; but it was not round people like Paul Reynaud that it could crystallise. "National Union" was carried out by the People, and over the heads of the parties and politicians—round Joffre in 1914; round Clemenceau in 1917, round Poincaré in 1926; and then "it was I who led France through Resistance to victory." And it would, of course, be "I, Charles de Gaulle" again. Yes—he was willing to talk to President Auriol, "only not over a parliamentary crisis, but only over a national crisis," and "not at the Elysée Palace, but, for instance, at my house at Marly."

He reiterated that France's foreign policy would have to be revised: far from doing less than her share, France, he said, was doing more than her share, and world strategy required an internationalisation of the war in Indo-China. In Europe it was a direct Franco-German agreement that could alone lay the foundations for European Unity, not monstrosities like the Schuman Plan or the European Army, both of which implied, not an understanding between France and Germany, but dictation by the U.S. to both of them. And the exclusion of Spain from the European Confederation was, of course, nonsense.

## WASHINGTON

### Europe After Lisbon

*A Washington Correspondent writes:* President Truman has left for Florida after making three separate appeals to Congress to support his request for $7,900 millions for foreign military and economic aid. There is a profound fear in the Administration that this year there will be heavy cuts in the programme, particularly on the question of economic aid. Economy is always a popular cry during election years, and this year it seems to be ringing louder than ever. In the New Hampshire primary election, for instance, all the main contenders have been persistently demanding cuts in Government spending and noting that this has always drawn the loudest applause from voters who have just been preparing their new income tax returns. Economy at the expense of foreign economic aid is naturally the line of least popular resistance.

The leaders of the Administration have a very good idea of what a serious cut in foreign economic aid would mean to the economies of their European allies. Hence the tendency to inflate the achievements of the Lisbon conference far beyond the assessments other countries have placed upon the latest N.A.T.O. Council meeting. Truman himself called it "a very excellent conference," which seemed about as far as you could go in superlatives until the Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, after listening to Acheson's rosy account, triumphantly announced: "The U.S. delegation took time by the forelock and brought home the bacon."

The fall of the Faure Government has not stopped the Administration from drawing the maximum possible comfort from the decision in principle to create a European Defence Community. The policy of rearming Germany, which Acheson sprung on a startled N.A.T.O. Council meeting in New York in the autumn of 1950, is one of the least controversial subjects in Congress. The undamaged winner is the first to forgive and Acheson appears to have no fear that he may be reviving the New Order to redress the balance of the Old.

The Administration's fears of serious cuts in the foreign aid programme, which appear to be well founded, are but one reflection of the changed atmosphere in Congress from the trepidation of a year ago. Then there was an almost universal conviction that world war was rapidly approaching. That fear has virtually gone, which is one of the reasons why the Congress has again baulked at enacting the type of conscription which most of the rest of America's allies in N.A.T.O. have undertaken despite similar traditional misgivings about military service. It has also been the cause of the waspish resolution adopted by the House of Representatives demanding that Acheson should disclose what secret agreements the President made to Churchill to send further American troops to Europe. While the House of Commons was wondering what commitments Truman had wheedled out of Churchill, the House of Representatives, despite repeated assurances from its own Foreign Affairs Committee, produced a sizable majority which felt Truman must have made some further foreign commitments towards Europe. It is interesting to note how, as the fear of war recedes, the traditional isolationist attitudes tend to reassert themselves.

## GENEVA

### The Economy of Europe

*A Correspondent in Geneva writes:* A careful choice of words has distinguished the major speeches of the Big Three at the Seventh Session of the U.N. Economic Commission for Europe. After a brief initial reference to the need to rearm that followed the "aggressive action in Korea," Mr. Henry Hopkinson, Secretary for Overseas Trade, made no further mention of rearmament. While the omission made his review of the U.K.'s economic situation less complete, it enhanced the speech politically. In the American statement, the anti-Communist invectives at last year's Session were dispensed with by Mr. Paul R. Porter, European Chief of the Mutual Security Agency, although it was evident that the U.S. hope for "free Europe" rested on the Marshall Plan, the European Payments Union, the International Materials Conference and increased productivity (N.A.T.O. or the M.S.A. were not mentioned) rather than on the East-West-minded E.C.E. Mr. G. P. Arkadiev for the Soviet Union moderated his speech by circumlocutions like "well-known events in Korea due to action taken by the U.S.".

A positive theme in Mr. Hopkinson's statement was the hope that "some way could be found of increasing Eastern Europe's imports of textiles from the West." This came after an account of the serious difficulties that the British textile industry was experiencing in the export and home markets. Such a move by the East, he said, "is one way in which we could help each other; let us try to do so."

If Mr. Hopkinson was flying a kite, a comment by Mr. Arkadiev the following day may have been a gentle breeze. As for Western troubles with textiles, "if East-West trade were to be increased this would certainly do away with these difficulties." This remark came into Mr. Arkadiev's general discussion of trade, during which he emphasised that the Soviet Union "has enough resources to develop commercial relations with the West," and that cereals, timber and foodstuffs were becoming increasingly available. But he was primarily concerned with a statistical survey of economic progress in the U.S.S.R. during 1951 and a detailed description of the "harmful effects" on living standards of the rearmament in Western Europe "carried out on the orders of the United States."

# The Lessons of Labour's Crisis

THE Parliamentary Labour Party is to be congratulated on its tardy but prudent return to sanity. For six days, before last Tuesday's critical meeting, its members had been subjected to a barrage of admonition from all the national newspapers, including the *Daily Herald*. The time had come, they were told, for the orthodox leaders to crush the Bevanite conspiracy; and for the majority to exert its sacred right to order the minority either to conform—or to get out. The trouble about this advice was that it overlooked the fact that, by exerting its undoubted right to purge the Party, the majority would have committed political suicide. Just in time a group of moderates, led by John Strachey and George Strauss, worked out a face-saving formula to prevent the precipitate action which would have been equally fatal to both sides.

The first moral to be drawn from this deplorable affair is that it need never have occurred. Since Christmas, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Shinwell, by a series of tactical manoeuvres, have been trying to evade the necessity of reformulating the Socialist attitude to the Foreign and Defence policies of a Tory Government. Faced by the decision whether to oppose Mr. Churchill's Far Eastern policy, they framed an egregious amendment which approved the policy, but censured Mr. Churchill; and they got the trouncing they invited in the debate which ensued. Faced with a similar decision on the Defence White Paper, they took refuge once again in evasive action. The Defence plans, they solemnly stated, were fine, but Mr. Churchill was not the man to carry them out. This time the disingenuous formula produced not the disconsolate acquiescence of the week before, but the violent explosion of the 57. Seeking to evade the real issues, Mr. Attlee precipitated a crisis which compelled him either to force a split in the Party or to give ground to the Bevanites. In the event, after threatening to deliver an ultimatum, he was forced to withdraw it under pressure from his own supporters.

Both Bevanites and anti-Bevanites must face the fact that unless they are prepared to co-operate in working out an agreed policy, another crisis is bound to blow up sooner or later. Next time—with the new standing orders for discipline in force—it will be very much more difficult to avoid a split. What is destroying the effectiveness of the Labour Party in Opposition is the murky atmosphere of mutual suspicion and personal animosity in which it tries to conduct its business. In the excitement of last week-end, Mr. Bevan was accused of plotting a revolt and riposted that Mr. Attlee was deliberately forcing a showdown. Neither charge is true. The Party lurched into the crisis through a series of accidents and misunderstandings, which could have been blown away by half an hour's friendly conversation. It was not beyond the wit of man to frame at least a dozen amendments which would have united the Labour Party in the division lobby last week; and the really lamentable fact is that the agreement to disagree was only reached after the Party had been brought to the very edge of disaster. What was really significant about this last-minute agreement was the role played by the trade union leaders outside the House. Mr. Deakin is usually a combative man who does not disguise his dislike for Mr. Bevan. On this occasion his tone was exceptionally mild. There can be no doubt that he and his colleagues on the T.U.C. realised the dangers to which they would be exposed within their own unions by an expulsion of the Bevanites.

But the question remains—how can ex-Ministers, deeply committed by their last six months of office to what was tantamount to a coalition policy on Defence and Foreign Affairs, co-operate harmoniously with the Bevanites who for nearly a year have been attacking the whole principal of military containment and the bi-partisanship which it implies? So long as it is framed in this way, the problem is insoluble. Left to themselves, Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Bevan are never likely to see eye to eye on the priority to be given to rearmament or on the desirability of a free Health Service. But the formulation of Socialist policy to-day is no longer the exclusive concern of the former members of the Labour Cabinet. Despite the behaviour of some ex-Ministers, there is no Shadow Cabinet; policy is now the responsibility of the whole Parliamentary Party and in the last resort of the annual conference. The encouraging fact about last Tuesday's events is that the Parliamentary Party instinctively recognised that, and refused either to accept orders from Mr. Attlee or to approve Mr. Bevan's intransigence.

In doing so it was asserting the difference between the duties of a Labour Party when in Opposition and its duties when it is supporting a Labour Government. So long as Mr. Attlee was Premier, every decision was taken secretly in the Cabinet, and the Parliamentary Party was not even consulted before these Cabinet decisions were presented to Parliament. In the same way, the annual conference inevitably became a mass meeting to applaud policies evolved by Mr. Attlee's Cabinet. Conference and the Parliamentary Party could, of course, influence Ministers in private discussion; they could protest, usually unavailingly, against glaring errors. What they could not do was to formulate policy or take decisions. And if they tried to, they would have violated the central principle of Cabinet Government by substituting caucus rule for Ministerial responsibility.

It is no doubt difficult for Mr. Attlee and some of his colleagues to remember that since last October their period of absolute control over the Parliamentary Party and the annual conference has ended. They are not members of a Shadow Cabinet which can take its decisions privately and legitimately demand formal ratification of them by the back-benchers. They are now spokesmen of a Parliamentary Party, which must formulate its own current policy in free and frank discussion and accept its long-term programme from the annual conference.

The first task, therefore, of the Parliamentary Party—after it has redrafted its standing orders—must be to work out the organisation required to transform itself from a loyal voting machine into a body which can take sensible decisions. Since 1945 the various special groups—on finance, foreign affairs, nationalised industries, etc.—have been at best advisory bodies attached to Ministers, and, at worst, talking shops where members could spend an idle hour between divisions. They must now become serious and responsible committees where parliamentary tactics can be worked out and draft policy statements prepared for presentation to the full Party meeting. It is inside these committees that the Bevanite and anti-Bevanite views should be argued out and a new approach formulated.

So far, though the election is already five months past, this work of organisation has not even been begun. The Labour Opposition still consists of a number of ex-Ministers—relying on their vague memory of State Papers and thinking of themselves as a Shadow Cabinet—and on the other hand a mass of back-benchers arguing the merits of Bevanism and anti-Bevanism. No wonder there is confusion: no wonder agreement cannot be reached either on policy or on tactics. No wonder, finally, that the Bevanites, who, since they had no civil servants to do their research, have had to organise a substitute for it, enjoy an enormous and irritating advantage in debate over their colleagues. After all, they were forced to organise themselves for opposition—before the election. If they are wise they will now be prepared to put their experience at the disposal of their colleagues and to collaborate wholeheartedly in the practical job ahead: to transform the Parliamentary Labour Party from a Government party out of power into an effective Socialist Opposition.

# London Diary

THEY say that opium-eating begets dreams and that for those who would live, absorbed (but not for long!) in a visionary world there's nothing to equal hashish. I've tried neither. A dose of influenza has been a sufficient narcotic for me this week. I fall exhausted into a fevered sleep and I wake with the clinging consciousness of nightmare. I cannot recall its contents; but when I next lose consciousness the same shadowy fight once more encompasses me. After my eyes open I've tried hard to recall some of the features of those ghosts. I hold on, with difficulty, to two. The first is that I am beset by an endless repetition of children's dolls which must, or so it seems to me, be dealt with in some forgotten but drastic way; my waking thoughts believe these dolls, which all look exactly the same, must be political opponents. This may of course be quite wrong, and if Freud has a very different interpretation I'm far too weary to argue. The other dream is more elusive. I'm within, as it were, a kind of live pattern, consisting of rectangles out of which I can break by snapping the angles and corners. But as fast as I make a hole the pattern reconstructs itself. This, I'm convinced, is the international situation. It's easy verbally to break through the spell woven about us all, but we are so bewitched that every time we do so, the meshes join up and again imprison us.

* * *

I understand why the Iranians refuse to have back any former British employees under the new World Bank proposals. These men were

highly efficient, but they are regarded in Persia, by the uneducated, almost as black magicians who were responsible for drought, hunger, plague or air crash, and by everyone, as symbols of Western imperialism who controlled a great deal too much of the country's economy and politics. It is true that they treated the Persians as if they had very little right in their own country. I think I never met, while I was there, one intelligent Englishman, let alone an intelligent Persian, who did not agree that Anglo-Iranian had forfeited the respect which its efficiency should have earned, by really outrageous neglect of Persian susceptibilities. No Persians were made to feel honoured or important; if Anglo-Iranian had wanted to be cynical about it, nothing could have been easier than to give a few rich Persians rather more riches on condition that their names appeared among the Directors and that they never went to Abadan. More important was the treatment of young Persian technicians. Anglo-Iranian did finally, very late in the day, begin to train Western educated Persian technicians. Some of them did extremely well. I happened to meet a number of them and thought them far the best people I had come across in the country. They all said that Anglo-Iranian had been excellent in giving them a chance of learning the job, but they had always clearly realised that never, under any circumstances, however well they did, would they be allowed to reach the top where they might learn anything about the secrets of the industry.

* * *

Since the Royal Academy and the Royal Society share the same quadrangle, the current Burlington House exhibition of the art and inventions of Leonardo da Vinci may be a useful reminder to the Fellows of both that art and science are not contradictory terms. Sir Charles Sherrington, the Nobel prizewinner, himself a scientist of genius, once described the ascent of Man as "the advance from the ape to the smile of the Mona Lisa." The "Mona Lisa" and "The Last Supper" are probably the most familiar of Leonardo's paintings. But even in art he was a scientist: for "The Last Supper" painted on the convent walls of the Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan Leonardo used new experimental ingredients, but it had been reduced to a ghost of itself before over-zealous restorers discovered that they were dealing not only with an artist but with a chemist. The Exhibition shows that Leonardo was an anachronism—a man out of his day and generation—and perhaps the world's greatest universal genius. He was painter, sculptor, architect, musician, scientist, engineer, and above all natural philosopher. He anticipated Sir Francis Bacon as a pioneer in modern experimental science just as he anticipated Galileo, Newton, Harvey, Joseph Priestley and James Watt. He invented a helicopter, aerodynamically possible but without, of course, the internal combustion engine. He devised a submarine, having worked out empirically the principles by which man could survive under water, but abandoned it and destroyed his evidence because it was a machine "not to be trusted to the evil nature of man." He devised a mechanical transmission which we know as the differential axle in motor cars, and the jack, such as we use when we have a puncture; his inventions included a revolving stage; a parachute; a hydraulic pump; flyover crossings and swing bridges; air-conditioning plant; a printing press; a projector for throwing images on screens; anatomical drawings, which showed an exceptional knowledge of the human body; and maps which made him the first of the great cartographers. All this five hundred years before his time—and before Lord Cherwell.

* * *

Cabinet making in Djakarta has run into political quicksands. One unfortunate result of there being, for the time, no Indonesian Government is that the talks on West Irian have been suspended. The Indonesian delegation at The Hague has already returned home. I understand that some advance had already been made on the new proposal that there should be a joint Indonesian-Dutch administration of this disputed territory pending a final settlement on the question of sovereignty. Unhappily, those Dutch groups which can't yet face the facts of Indonesian independence, have found support among certain Australians. They see Communists under President Soekarno's bed, and, with more imagination than strategic realism, point to the danger of a Red hand clutching at the heart of Australian territory in New Guinea which has a 500-mile frontier with West Irian. Others use the old Dutch argument that the peoples of West Irian are Papuans, who differ racially from the rest of Indonesians—which is true but, unless the Dutch or Australians claim racial kinship with the Papuans themselves, not an argument that affects the question of ownership one way or the other.

* * *

Anyone who has wandered about the earth for the last thirty years is pretty certain to have knocked into Henry Baerlein. If he is not in Mexico, he is probably in the Peruvian Embassy; if you did not meet him in Delhi, you would have heard him telling stories about when he was last in 'Slovakia, Spain, Georgia or County Mayo. From time to time he writes books about these travels or rather tells stories that he has collected about the countries. He has this great advantage over Baron Münchhausen that a high proportion of his stories are extremely funny. His latest book, *All Roads Lead to People* (Stanley Paul, 21s.) is pretty good bed reading if your temperature is up. If you are too lightheaded to follow one story, there will always be another one in the next paragraph. For an after-dinner speaker, the book should be an inexhaustible mine. I have not tried to count them, but there are many hundreds of stories here. They vary from the quite silly to the really excellent, and back again to the fantastic. I am not sure that I like any of them better than the anecdote with which Mr. Baerlein opens his book:

> When George Arliss was called as a witness in a theatrical case, he mentioned that he was the greatest fil- actor in the world. Outside, in the corridor, a friend of his wondered whether such an assertion was in very good taste. "But," replied Arliss, "I had to say it, I was on my oath."

And Baerlein follows with a characteristic comment that it is a similar reverence for truth which compels him to point out, when a newspaper says that he was born in Eccles and not in Rusholme, that "it would be regrettable if in some remote century any ill-feeling should on my account arise between these two districts."

CRITIC

## SANCTUARY SLEUTHS

"To-day a constable is standing by the North Door of Westminster Abbey . . . it is believed that plain-clothes men and two Special Branch officers are also on duty guarding the Stone."—*Manchester Guardian.*

If you cross the Border the Abbey Tombs to view,
You will find a shadow is stalking after you.
Bowler-hatted bloodhounds keep unobtrusive guard,
Westminster is crawling with the men of Scotland Yard.

Coppers in the Abbey
Round King Edward's throne!
Special squads are watching
The Coronation Stone.

In King Henry's chantry, bolted, locked and barred—
If you come from Scotland, look out for Scotland Yard!

Plain-clothes "vergers" listen for Covenanters' plots,
Lurking in the chapel of the Hammer of the Scots,
"Sacristans" are peeping past heraldic coats of arms,
Ornamental traceries hide burglar-alarms.

If you cross the Border to seize the Stone of Scone,
You will find it picketed, morning, night and noon,
Special Branch detectives' keeping ward and watch,
Guard the Stone of Destiny from Covenanting Scotch.

Monumental effigies are "flatties" in disguise,
Statesmen's statues follow you with watchful marble eyes,
If in the North Transept you join the Abbey throng,
Palmerston and Beaconsfield may mutter "Move alongg!"

"Abbey guides" are prowling
(Watch for outsize feet),
Westminster is guarding
The Coronation seat,

In King Henry's chantry, bolted, chained and barred—
So if you come from Scotland, look out for Scotland Yard!

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed.**
**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

If many people brought their pets to church services it might, of course, raise certain problems, though for my part I always feel that certain dogs, cocker spaniels in particular, which have love in their eyes, are not inappropriate in a place of worship.—*Reading Standard.* (Ruth Ascher.)

Women who wish to keep their own names after marriage should adopt the American custom of linking maiden and married names, e.g., Claire Booth Luce. But this idea has no appeal for me.—(Mrs.) Ivy Grubb (née Lovely).—Letter in *Daily Mail.* (C. W. Amos.)

Mrs. Louisa Louch, a tenant, said: "I answered a knock on the door. Oakman was standing there with his trousers on fire. I wouldn't let him in. We were always having fires." — *Daily Express.* (A. J. D. O'Sullivan.)

# Nurse Pepper on Shikari

WHEN Nurse Pepper of Chelmsford and the World Health Organisation goes her rounds (1,750 square miles) she takes a D.D.T. spray-gun. So does her chief, Dr. Peter Issaris the Greek. They have to because their *shikar* is against the mosquito, which they have stalked through the Himalayan *terai* and from which they have wrested back the jungle.

A thousand years ago, the *terai* was a fertile cultivated tract in the crutch where India meets Tibet and Nepal. Then the "technical assistance" of those times overstepped itself, with a warning relevant to our own times; the cultivators dammed the streams to flush-flood their fields and cut irrigation canals *across* the natural drainage of the area. They turned the area into swamp and "let the jungle in." The King of the Jungle was the mosquito. It killed off the cultivators or drove them into the hills. In the British records kept at Naini Tal, the *terai* was written off because of its "deadly climate." But, apart from the normal rigours of the monsoon, it is far from deadly; climate was confused with malaria.

Then in 1947 the U.P. (once United Provinces, now Uttar Pradesh) Government, in conjunction with the Indian Central Government's schemes to grow more food, decided to open up the *terai* jungle. They offered land to ex-Servicemen prepared to settle there. Not surprisingly, in view of the notorious reputation of the area, there were not many volunteers. In 1949, the W.H.O., with the material assistance of the U.N. Children's Fund (U.N.I.C.E.F.), arranged to send an international team to stage a demonstration of large-scale malaria control. The Indian authorities, as is usual, undertook to match the international experts with Indian doctors and assistants and, at the same time, proceeded to set up an all-Indian operation in an adjacent district, to extend the practices taught and the experience gained.

The entomologists went in search of the carrier, to discover which of the various types of mosquito in the area carried malaria. This modern technique of D.D.T. control of malaria does not, as in Sardinia and Cyprus, involve spraying all the pools to destroy the larvæ; but, by discovering the culprit and carefully studying its habits, attacks it at its most vulnerable point—where it consistently settles. This means concentrating the D.D.T. on, say, the interior walls or the roof, according to the habits of the mosquito, with complete effectiveness and with a big saving in D.D.T. In this case, the team traced the malaria to two types of mosquito. This complicated matters, because when the malarial season of one mosquito declined the other took over. The habits of the tribes were also a problem, because, periodically throughout the year, they ritually plastered their huts; and after each plastering the huts had to be resprayed. Nor did the tribes, at first, welcome these unknown intruders with their queer weapons.

The Baksus are still, after three years, truculent; but the Tharus, as we moved amongst them, welcomed us with music and dancing and real enthusiasm. This is a tribute to the skill and persuasion of the team. Nurse Pepper, for instance, is still, and in spite of her riding-boots, her elephant transport and her tiger rifle, a cheerful, bustling, friendly Essex nursing sister, who humours the tribes as she would old Mrs. Brown with her rheumatism. She did not rush them, when they were unfriendly, but gained their confidence through the women. And the women of those tribes are of consequence; they regard themselves as equal if not superior to the men. Nurse Pepper prepared the way for the sprayers by treating the women and the children and accomplishing a few "miracles" with sulpha drugs. D.D.T. then lost its terrors and justified itself. It took time and it was a huge area; but the reception given to the Essex nurse and her Indian colleague, the high-caste Brahmin woman who has turned health nurse, proves how worth while it was. A jungle of suspicion has been cleared as the preliminary to the more spectacular job of clearing the jungle itself. I do not know which thrilled me more, the sight of the peasant plough breaking soil recovered after a thousand years, or the smile of a Tharu woman, when she was told that her infant could be saved.

The recovery of the *terai* is one of the world's great stories. When the sprayers had swept away the mosquitoes and liberated the *terai* from malaria, as Gorgas once liberated Panama from yellow-fever, the engineers could move in. Supplies of massive equipment were arranged through the Central Tractor Organisation, part-financed by the U.N. International Bank. Indian-manned but with international advice, they levelled and cleared the jungle and, like giant beaters, drove the tigers, the elephants, the pythons and the cobras into reservations. The experience of the groundnuts scheme in East Africa was turned to good account. The bush-clearing expert sent in by F.A.O. was Mr. Ronald Jessop, a British agricultural engineer from Tanganyika. With him went another British expert, Dr. R. O. Whyte, the ecologist. Other members of the team included Scandinavians, to train the Indians in handling and maintaining modern equipment; an American expert on pest-control; and a Dutchman to encourage secondary rural industries.

Over 100,000 acres are in process of immediate clearance and 30,000 acres are already flourishing farms. These include the State Farm, embodying all modern methods, with every kind of mechanised equipment for demonstration to the settlers and with seed nurseries to supply the first sowings. The settlers get the seed free and, from their first harvest, return the borrowing, plus 25 per cent. to help the next-comers. Into these new lands have come thousands of settlers, mainly from the West Punjab. These Hindu emigrants from Moslem Pakistan arrive at the end of their 400-mile trek with all their belongings on their heads, not pathetic refugees but skilled farmers entering a promised land.

When people say that disease control only means nothing but saving infant lives to die of later starvation, the example of the *terai* is at least a part answer: Malaria control not only saves lives, but it can provide new acres to help to feed them. In Thailand, another remarkable feat of malaria control means that peasants in the North can now produce a second crop in what was once the fever-ridden season. In East Bengal, that hungry area of the Ganges Delta, the rice-yield of a whole district was increased by 15 per cent. without any modern innovation except malaria-control. This meant that instead of three out of five workers being sick at the rice-transplanting and harvest, five were now available for this peculiarly manual operation. In Afghanistan, the area between the Hindu Kush and the Oxus frontier with Russia, which went malarial when Genghis Khan destroyed a canal civilisation, has been malaria-cleared for cultivation and industrial development; and in the hungry heart of India, in Bombay Province and the Jeypore Hills, lands abandoned to the mosquito are being recovered.

The doctors are the advance guard of technical assistance. Just as the Panama Canal could not have been built but for Gorgas, so the resources of undeveloped countries cannot be effectively used until the deterrents of disease have been removed. But just as malarial resources cannot be developed in the presence of disease, neither can human resources. People, lethargic, crushed, crippled and prematurely dying cannot help themselves, feed themselves or raise themselves. Their innate intelligence and enterprise is stifled by a suffocating preoccupation with misery. Remove it, and it is like stripping away the jungle and revealing the fertile soil.

I have seen plenty of proofs in South-East Asia. Nothing could be more encouraging than the transformation which has come in the lives of Javanese peasants freed from yaws, which disfigures, cripples and debilitates millions. It can be cured with one or two or, at the most, three injections—for the cost of a machine-gun bullet. And when it goes the whole outlook of a people changes. Women become house-proud; children become puppy-happy; men get more from their fields; even the cattle are sleeker, because they are better cared for. Spontaneously, they begin to think for themselves and do things for themselves. They start organising social activities, improving their irrigation systems, learning to read and write. They have become human beings instead of mangy animals. RITCHIE CALDER

# Philanthropy Inc.

THROUGH the writing of the last century there stalked a tattered army of drunkards and thieves, blind fiddlers, prostitutes, hawkers and hags. We meet it marching out the lower depths into the pages of Fielding, Dickens, Reynolds, Kingsley and Mayhew, a lumpen rabble without hope or virtue, a spectre of destitution which haunted the wealthy Victorian into hypocrisy or charity. It was the source of crime, disease, and that sense of guilt which can only be expiated in reform. In our time, with the coming of mass unemployment, it was almost swamped by the poverty of millions living on the dole and public assistance: but there were still depths below poverty. The poor were down but not quite out. They could struggle to escape the final humiliating disasters of eviction, the workhouse, the penny "kip," and the church crypt, all of them symbols of the broken home and the utter pauper, and all of them marked by the Victorian stigma.

The lodging-house is a case in point. Both for Dickens and the men who drafted the Act of 1851, the "threepenny rope" was a place to which the scarecrows of society crept back at night, verminous dens run by villains, and fit subjects for stringent police supervision. Things improved after the Common Lodging-houses Act, but as late as the 'Nineties there were nearly six hundred such places in London alone, giving nightly shelter to some twenty thousand men, women and children, and run solely for profit. A contemporary reporter described even the best of them as "repulsive in their squalid destitution of everything necessary for real comfort, or of everything tending to improvement and civilisation." After fifty years of exposure such conditions were still shocking, and, in an age before the Positive State, there seemed to be no answer to them save charity. But charity alone was clearly not enough: in the words of the same reporter, the only solution lay in "combining philanthropy with five per cent.—or something near it."

It was at this point that Lord Rowton came forward with just such a solution. He had been Disraeli's private secretary; he was himself a connection of the Earl of Shaftesbury; and one of his collaborators was the Earl's son, Cecil Ashley. Armed with both the reforming pedigree and the

necessary capital, he set out to prove that a common lodging-house could be clean, moral, and a business proposition into the bargain. The first proof was to be a building in Bond Street, Vauxhall, in which he sank some thirty thousand pounds of his own money. But, as the walls went up, the idea changed. "We started," said Sir Richard Farrant, who was in practical charge of the project, "with the idea of improving the common lodging-houses. . . . We came to the conclusion that what was wanted was an entirely new class of accommodation—namely, a cheap hotel, where the poorer class of working man could live and enjoy every possible convenience, with separate bedroom accommodation for every man and comfortable rooms for eating and recreation."

But, to this day, the Rowton Houses are still trying to make the public appreciate Sir Richard's point. It is a surprise for most people, for instance, to learn that the Rowton Houses are not some kind of charitable institution, but are in fact owned and operated by a limited company which regularly pays dividends to its shareholders. Most of us, moreover, looking at the outside of one of these triumphs of Institutional Baronial brickwork, must at some time have had mental images of an interior which would serve as a Gorki stage-set. And the occupants? I have heard of employers who have refused to employ men who gave a Rowton House as their address. From my childhood, I can still hear a scathing voice dismissing some hunger-marchers as "those Rowton won't-works." The proprietors have occasionally been obliged to take legal action to protect their "working-class hotels" from the damaging suggestion that they are mere doss-houses: not long ago, a B.B.C. variety programme included an apology for a sketch in which a down-and-out was said to come from a Rowton House.

Yet the Welfare State and full employment have made their mark on the Rowton House as they have on other institutions. Fifty years ago, a visitor to the then recently completed House at Newington Butts wrote a glowing description of its cleanliness and the cheapness of its many amenities. But, he went on, it is

> . . . another illustration of the familiar couplet:
> "Where every prospect pleases,
> and only man is vile."
> It is the poor, broken-down, degraded, ne'er-do-well sort of people that get in here. . . .

It has been a long uphill climb for the company from that time to the present. Admittedly, I met some "poor, broken-down" men in the Camden Town House; there are cranks; there are spivs, living on a combination of their wits, National Assistance and untaxable casual labouring; and there are many old men, whose rent is paid by the N.A.B., and whose pension provides pocket-money, for whom the House is a home with a social life and amenities greatly to be preferred to the loneliness of a back room in a squalid street. But there are also men with regular well-paid jobs, who prefer the House to lodgings, men who come to London for the first time and know of no other cheap place to go, transients, such as lorry-drivers or migrant workers, and men from the provinces whose work brings them to London for a short time. The South Bank construction brought many of these to the Vauxhall House. Exhibitions at Olympia bring others to the one at Hammersmith.

From the company's records, however, it seems that a majority of the residents are regulars. Five out of six, perhaps, have no other home, and a majority have been living in one House or another for a term of years. One old man, who was recently taken to hospital from the Camden Town House, had been living there since the day it opened in 1905, and there are many who have records stretching back over two or three decades.

What attracts such men? First, perhaps, the price. A bed for the night in a cubicle, on a sprung and sheeted bed, now costs 2s. 3d. (1s. in 1939), and the charge for a private room is a guinea a week. Then there are restaurants with cheap, good meals—the company now forbids a resident to bring in his own food—barber shops, personal lockers and luggage stores, billiards rooms and a hall for radio, television, concerts and lectures. It is here that modernity most patently creeps in. It is only since the war that these "welfare" amenities have been provided—at the company's expense—and they have had remarkable success. What most astonished me was the attendance, sometimes as high as three hundred men, at the lectures provided by the late C.O.I. on such apparently discouraging themes as Productivity, Colonial Problems, and The Economic Situation. Such turn-outs compare only to those for an inter-House tournament of billiards or draughts, or a simultaneous forty-board match by a chess master.

There is, in short, such a lively communal sense that the management speaks enthusiastically of "Rowtonism"—a sort of older man's Y.M.C.A., but devoid of any religious or political affiliation. A very earnest attempt, in fact, is made to live up to Sir Richard's ideal of providing the amenities which the more comfortable can enjoy in a club or an hotel, and the result clearly meets a definite social need. It is not the fault of Rowton Houses, Ltd., if its founders built so solidly that the physical environment has not kept pace with the times. The Houses are clean, orderly, and most efficiently run. But cavernous rooms, corridors of glazed brick, or lounges furnished with hard upright chairs, belong to the days when the architects thought such buildings should be as strong as a fortress, and decorated in the style of one of the early Tube stations. When the Houses were first put up, they may have struck contemporaries as "bright and beautiful"; our standards of taste and comfort have moved on. Yet, where a West End hotel can afford to change with the standards, a company that operates on slender margins clearly cannot undertake extensive remodelling. It does its best with fresh bright paint, the steady conversion of cubicles into private rooms, and the welfare programme which makes the best of existing facilities.

The six London Houses contain more than 5,000 beds; and last year they provided over 1.8 million man-nights, or an average use of each bed for all but four nights a year. Total annual receipts were £285,763; outgoings were £272,943, leaving a net profit of £12,820. Clearly, in this case the pounds do not look after themselves unless great care is taken with fractions of the pennies. The accounting system of each House, in fact, is based upon pennies per day. The management know exactly where the money goes, from 0.59d. each day for each man spent on gas, for example, to 0.75d. on fuel oil, 0.37d. on electricity, 0.2d. on water, and 9.72d. on wages. The nightly charge just balances the basic cost, the company must cover its overheads and its dividends from the slender profit margin it secures from the catering. Thus, on a turnover of this size, an addition of one halfpenny on the price of a cup of tea may make all the difference between solvency and a loss for the whole complex system. The rising cost of fuel, food, linen, and so forth, may make a further increase in the nightly payment inevitable before long.

In an age in which we have come to take subsidies of one kind of another for granted, the Rowton House is almost an anomaly; it continues to survive without subsidy either from the rates or from an endowment, an institution that incorporates philanthropy with five per cent. for the shareholders.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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An Index to Vol. XLII (July-Dec., 1951) is now available. 2s. post free.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1

# The Ten Days

THERE was once a republican circulation manager of a British newspaper. The poor man, of course, died of a duodenal ulcer, because every time a Royal Happening sent up the circulation of his paper his professional pleasure fought among his gastric juices with his repeated affirmation that "The whole thing's poppycock." For Royal Death, Birth and Marriage are now unchallenged as the news to end news—and the King's death certainly did end other news in many of the popular papers. Fleet Street now speculates which story would be the natural "splash" if war was declared on the same day as Princess Margaret's engagement was announced.

Superior people, who think they have their sense of values rightly adjusted, cannot dismiss it all as a plot by the newspapers to create an interest and emotion which would not otherwise exist. The mere words "Death of the King" scribbled on a newsvendor's poster is all the sales talk needed. Those words added four million copies to the sales of London evening papers on February 6. And what happened on following days suggested that editors who decided to play up every scroungeable item of news from Sandringham, every aspect of the Lying-in-State, and every detail of the funeral arrangements were satisfying a real demand. To meet it, the Newsprint Supply Company, which guards the newsprint reserve, decided to raise the allocation to each newspaper for the period. Extra supplies, equal to an extra ten large pages to the daily and evening papers, and four large pages to the Sundays and weeklies, were made available. This represented an additional consumption of 3,300 tons. Some of it was used to increase the size of papers, the rest to printing more copies.

The circulation leaders shared the harvest with the "also rans." Though the news broke for the evening papers, the big wholesalers were convinced that the demand for the next day's papers would be unabated. And they were right. On February 7, the *Daily Mirror* established a new record by adding 300,000 to its usual print. Sales of the *Daily Graphic* rose by about the same. The rest of them had similar experiences, the *Daily Worker* alone excepted. From then on, sustained by news and pictures of the new Queen, the return of the body to London, the Lying-in-State, the arrival of Kings and Presidents, and by the exploration of every cranny in the background to the news, circulations were kept unusually high.

The decks were really cleared for the funeral numbers. Many thousands of pounds of advertising were scrapped and—historic indeed—the *Mirror* dropped most of its strip cartoons. Only "Jane," appropriately decorous for once, and "Useless Eustace" were allowed to remain in the otherwise unsullied pages. Singleness of purpose was rewarded by another jump in sales—a further 500,000 above those of February 7—with the *Graphic*, *Express* and *Mail* close behind. With the popular dailies transformed into pictorial magazines, there might have seemed little left for the Sundays, but here again The Topic paid dividends. The decision of one Sunday paper to come out even two days after the funeral with

an almost entirely funeral issue added well over 100,000 to its sale, at the expense, it is believed, of a competitor who assumed it was time to return to normal.

To the two popular picture weeklies, *Illustrated* and *Picture Post*, both the death and the funeral presented exceptional difficulties which a sense of market stimulated them to overcome. The King died two days after they had gone to press for the following week—in one case with a particularly bosomy glamour girl on the cover. Prestige demanded that at high expense they should sacrifice the hundreds of thousands of copies already printed, so that customers the following Wednesday should hot be affronted. There was a quick replacement of covers and a breakneck rush to get several pages of Royal pictures into the papers. Both magazines normally go to press on the Monday, allowing nine days for printing and distribution. With the funeral arranged for the Friday, however, there was nothing for it but to scrap existing schedules and make-up the papers four days late. Fantastic overtime pay to mechanical staffs had to be accepted and unusual measures taken to get the papers on sale everywhere the following Wednesday. Even so, four days after the dailies had printed everything there was to print about the funeral, the magazines set out to satisfy an apparently insatiable appetite. In the case of *Illustrated*, two and a quarter million copies were sold—a record not only for the paper but for the whole of the Odham's group.

It is sometimes thought that the work-a-day Provinces are less avid for Royal news than the Capital. February 6 proved how wrong this is. Some provincial evening papers in the big industrial towns sold double their normal sales. Many people appeared to buy several editions. Circulation managers, whose expectations were exceeded, believe that the buying of newspapers on this day particularly was substantially affected by the mystifying silence of the B.B.C. But the surprise and shock of the first news does not account for the heavy buying on the day of the funeral, when provincial sales again jumped by 50 per cent. Within an hour or so of the funeral procession passing through London, papers printed hundreds of miles from London were on sale with up to 30 pictures of the scenes—a triumph of the camera and photo-telegraphy.

The camera, in fact, is widely accepted as the principal cause of all the public interest. Whatever the qualities of the Monarch and his family, they would have gone comparatively unheeded without the camera. Through the camera, Royalty has lost its remoteness, while still preserving something of its mystique. The camera has over the years convinced us that, whatever our reservations about inherited privilege, there has been at Buckingham Palace a pleasant family, and an attractive one, going everywhere it should, doing everything required and doing it well. The supremacy of the camera is accepted with reluctance by the writing men of Fleet Street, but accepted just the same. Many a Phillip Gibbs and George Augustus Sala is now born to write unread. The Royal Occasion gave to a few a temporary release from years of confinement. For the death and funeral they were given an unfamiliar expanse of columns and they wrote as well and as much as their forbears. But with what avail, against the competition of the camera close-up?

Even if we do not all share the tastes of the average newspaper reader, it is as well to try to understand them. The usual criticism of the popular press is that it is sensational and prepared to pander to morbid interests and hidden sadistic instincts. However true the charge generally, it was not true in this instance. Newspapermen, conscious of the many sins committed in the name of news, accurately assessed the level of interest of those ten days and are not ashamed of the energy and enterprise they put into satisfying it. Moreover, in doing what they did, many papers had to reckon on losing money. Newspaper finances are so delicately adjusted to the high cost of newsprint that to drop advertisements, increase paper sizes and print hundreds of thousands more copies could result only in a loss. Managements accepted this because they believed that they were doing what readers expected of them and also because extra sales, though not immediately profitable, presented a chance of reaching new readers, some of whom might be retained as regulars. But sympathy with Fleet Street's point of view does not condone mawkish bad taste where it did occur.

TED CASTLE

# Winter Fishing

THE ground was white with frost as I walked down Campbeltown pier, on to the ring-net boat *Maid of Morvern*, of which I am part owner. At home, the big threshing mill would still be at it, but half the stacks were through when I left, and by now the pale, rustling oats would be settling down into heaps in the granary and the neighbours who had been helping would be on their way home. I had brought eggs and milk, and an extra jersey and duffle coat for myself. When I went down into the fo'c'sle, Willie was frying bacon and eggs and brewing tea and lamenting for the teeth—most of what he had—which had been pulled that morning.

The diesel-engined ring-net boats were streaming out of Campbeltown harbour towards the fishing grounds, less beautiful, perhaps, than in the old sail days, but I wouldn't know. I had thought our boat very beautiful from the day I saw her first, half built, on the slips at Eyemouth, and watched them laying the steaming curved planks into her sides.

Denny, the skipper, and Willie and I ate our tea while a last-minute repair was made on the engine. When we left, it was getting dark and the Campbeltown sea front, so remarkably ugly by day, clothed itself in romance, a string of jewel lights against the dark shapes of mountains. As we went out, Denny, not for the first time, lectured me on navigation: "green to green and red to red." But I knew well enough that, as soon as we got right into the fishing, he and everyone else would be racing across one another's bows like a fleet of dodgems.

The seiners were passing us in the entrance to Campbeltown loch on their way home—the boats that take their seine-nets out to the white-fish grounds round the Craig and work there all day. I had been out often enough for a night with the ringers at the summer fishing, but never in winter. I had chosen a moonlit night because there were certain fishing operations which I could not quite grasp and I wanted to see them clearly—it seems almost impossible for anyone doing a job and thoroughly familiar with it, to make it clear in words to someone else. But a full moon in a cloudless sky is bad for the fishing; the herring see the nets, and perhaps the boats, and swim away from them.

Willie was mending the winkie, the light which marks the end of the shot net and must be picked up by the neighbour boat—ringers always work in pairs—when they make a ring. It ought to light automatically when it turns over into an upright position. Once he got it right he sealed the join with candle grease. Then he began to dress for the night's work, putting on layer after layer of trousers and knitted stockings.

Fred and the two Shaw boys—once little terrors, but now growing up into good-mannered, responsible, keen young fishermen—began on their tea. I steered for a while on the rising moon, enormous over Arran. A late returning seiner gave us news of a spot of herring and we cruised in the direction where it might be but never found it. We used the echo sounder which makes an unmistakable dark blur over the bottom line which is being marked up with every rotation of the marker, and also the comparatively old-fashioned feeling wire, a long length of piano wire on which one can feel the fish knock and patter. There are other ways, too, of spotting herring, but not appropriate to a bright winter night; we use all of them. There was a fresh breeze from the North, and spray broke over the boat, but she made nothing of the waves, just danced across them, her hold empty and buoyant.

It was apparent that there was a big fleet of boats out, all fishing Kilbrennan Sound and down along the South of Arran. It has been a poor season so far, many of the boats are in debt, and everyone is out to make every penny he can. From a distance each group of boats looked like a small town, spread out in lights along the water. There must have been twenty or thirty pairs, from all the Clyde fishing ports. When we turned on the walkie-talkie we heard them calling to one another, interrupted sometimes by the English voices on the Fleetwood trawlers away out in the Minch.

Our neighbour suddenly turned north along the Kintyre coast, on rumour of a shot up by Saddell, and we trailed after her, since it does not do to get too far from one's neighbour. Every now and then we winked our lights at her to keep in touch. We found, right enough, that there had been two shots, both early on before the moon rose, but there had also been disasters. There were two or three "bad nets"—nets which had been shot on a rocky bottom and torn. This is always a risk, and, the worse a season has been, the more risk the skipper and crew are prepared to run. But they risk anything from a tear which may take hours to mend to the complete loss of a ring net costing about £350 at present prices.

Our own transmission belt, which fed the batteries, was broken, and Fred asked about over the walkie-talkie for the loan of one, or a piece for mending. At last he got it and went down into the engine room and mended the belt. Fishing boats will keep quiet, or even lie, about the whereabouts of herring, but nobody would dream of refusing a spare. We and our neighbour sculled about a good while more. In the moonlight the pale blue snow peaks of Arran were menacingly beautiful, remote from the frenzied couplings of the boats, each in a bridal wreath of eager, squealing seagulls. We had another brew of tea. The rocking of the boat had stirred up the bilges which smelt remarkably of ancient oil and ancient fish. But nobody was getting much now. So we decided to lie up for a few hours and cast anchor in five fathoms of water only a mile or so from my own house, but so magnificently remote—no possibility of being telephoned to, and, instead of the rambling, cold, lonely old house and myself isolated in it, I was tucked in a bunk in the warm fo'c'sle, the boys asleep or half asleep, Denny and Willie gossiping a few minutes in soft Highland voices, and then only the light from the stove. But Denny never slept; he was away up from time to time, watching the weather; he kept the stove going, and at last woke us, saying the breeze had taken off and he thought we might try a shot at the far side.

The echo sounder shows Kilbrennan Sound as a fantastic jagged valley, with sudden reefs and peaks. We saw a small spot of herring near one

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of those jags, but scarcely worth risking our net for. Then came thicker markings on a better bottom and we rounded up and shot. But we were in the middle of a fleet of boats, all tearing about, and the moon was bright. I believe Denny hardly dared to think the herring would have stayed in the ring; but fishermen have to be hopeful. The neighbour boat came alongside, all but one jumping on to our deck, the remaining man staying aboard the neighbour which kept a tow rope on us and enough strain to keep the net from slacking.

Nobody gave any orders, all moved quietly to their places, most wearing oilskins and high rubber boots, but any sort of old caps. The winches take in the ropes, but when the nets begin to come in, everyone has to haul at the flow. It was cold now. Every now and then one of the men hauling silently would stop to flap his hands on his chest, then go on again. I waited behind, longing for the immediate breaking of the silence which would have come if there had been any show of herring—fish mashed by the gills in the net. But the net came in and in and there was nothing at all, not even a "lift,' a meal of herring at the bottom of the bag of the net. All that could be said was that the net was not torn. Quietly the neighbour crew went back to their boat.

Again we cruised around, the echo sounder going, sometimes Denny in the wheelhouse and sometimes Fred; Willie was nursing his toothache in a muffler. For it seemed to be growing colder towards morning—or was it that we lacked the warmth which would have come with a good shot of herring? It must have been far colder in the snow and sleet of the Minch where the boat had been fishing in December. We picked up the news from the walkie-talkie and from what was shouted across the water from boat to boat. Out of some fifty boats, each with a crew of five or six, working that night, each pair must have shot at least once, perhaps two or three times. But only five or six of those shots had caught herring. These would be on their way to the Ayr market. Those crews would have a sweet sleep and a good divide the next day. The rest had nothing, but had used up oil and man-power. And overheads are heavy, as I, a part owner, know.

Yet a good fisherman is always hopeful; he knows there have been bad seasons before, but sooner or later, if he sticks to his boat and his life, the fishing will take up. It is just this wee awkwardness of not, at the moment, having any money—money, this silly thing that the banks and the shops worry about but that is obviously so valueless compared with human courage and skill! Yet it was good to know the herring were there. When the moon goes back, the darker nights will come, and there will be good fishings.

And now the dawn was breaking, a pale rose light over the Ayrshire coast, and the land looking darker and solider. We made across for Campbeltown loch, and, on the entrance, met the seiners going out again to their day's fishing.

*Carradale.* NAOMI MITCHISON

## THE OPEN MIND

A man I knew
At one time,
Used to keep an absolutely open mind
On all subjects,
Realising full well
That there are two sides to every question.

* * *

Discovering one day
That he had not an open mind
On the question of whether
There are two sides to every question,
He consulted his local philosopher
And was advised to try thinking
That there are three sides to every question.

This gave him a wonderfully open mind;
For a time.

* * *

Till he realised that there were
Three sides to the question
That there were three sides
To every question;
So he went around,
This man I knew,
And consulted his local social scientist,
Who told him of an experiment
To determine the average number of sides
To a question.
A representative sample of people
Were being asked
A representative sample of questions.
After which,
By way of a control,
If you follow me,
The same people would be asked no questions
And the same questions
Would be asked of nobody
And finally,
To make quite sure,
An experiment would be done in which
Nobody was asked anything.

Of course, this being highly technical,
You could not be expected to understand;
Said the social scientist.

* * *

My friend,
This man I knew, that I'm telling you about,
Was very pleased,
Especially about the part
About not understanding:
One can trust something one doesn't understand.
So he hung around and waited for the result
For a time—
Quite a time.

* * *

But it is hungry work standing in a corridor
With an open mind,
So he called in at a snack bar,
And there he met the local poet
Who told him
A-a-a-ah
That there can be no questions
Since there are no answers,
And that every leaf
That falls in Autumn
Is a question,
And that no leaf is anything,
And each one has two sides.

And this too was very helpful,
For a time.

* * *

Till he realised that he had forgotten it all,
Except for the bit
About there not being any poets
Since there wasn't any poetry.

Then it was that in desperation he decided
To consult his local Marxist,
And then it was that he learnt
The Truth;
That the Marxists were the
Only
People
Who *dared*
To keep a really open mind,
Since they were the only people
Who never considered the possibility
That anyone else might be right;
And that it was in fact
This Eastern Open-Mindedness
That lay at the very heart of
Eastern Democracy
As practised by the freedom-loving peoples of
The East,
Under the inspired leadership and guidance of
their great
Father
And Teacher
And Leader
And Mind-Opener
And
And Yes
And Yes Yes
Yes, said this man I knew,
Feeling really and truly open-minded
For the very first time.

* * *

The years passed,
Years of Marxist open-mindedness,
And were followed,
By others.

Until a time came
When this man I knew,
And that I've been telling you about,
Detected in himself
The first symptoms
Of advancing lumbago
And Roman Catholicism,
So he decided to drop in and see
His local psycho-analyst.

* * *

At the twentieth visit
It became clear that he was
Not in love with his father or his mother,
Or his daughter, sister, brother, governess or
nurse;
But his wife.
The psycho-analyst blanched,
The patient trembled.
This was serious;
Upon the couch,
Beyond a doubt,
There lay an inverted homosexual
With a completely repressed Oedipus Complex.

And so there was begun
The long and painstaking process—
Of titivating the Id,
Of scrambling the Ego,
And releasing the drives;
Until, at last, the cure was complete,
At the 157th visit.
The patient, unfixed, unverted, and unpressed,
Stood smiling before his maker;
Unhibited
Smiling
He picked up the curtain rail,
Undeviated
He hit the psycho-analyst with strength and
precision
On the crown of that head,
So well adjusted to the environment
Of which it then became
A part,
For all time.

* * *

And I remember him saying
To the police
When they came to fetch him;
"That psycho-analyst,"
He said,
"Has the openest mind of
Any man I know."

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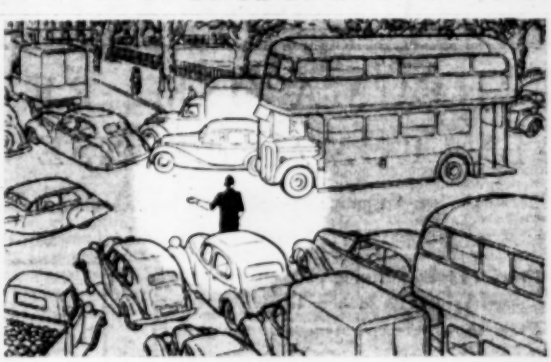

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# Mr. Woodpecker's Father

MR. NEAME, of Sockets, retired business man, Londoner by residence, week-ender by recently acquired habit, furriner and intruder of no account, has cultivated sedulously a late-born passion for the old-English garden. He loves thrift and candytuft, honesty, Canterbury bells, hollyhocks and dahlias. Because Mr. Woodpecker raises all these simple flowers in profusion, together with fresh and tender vegetables, and had given him a few seeds or cuttings, Mr. Neame made two propositions to Mr. Woodpecker. The first was that he should drink Mr. Neame's health in a quart of beer. Mr. Woodpecker consented. The second proposition was that Mr. Woodpecker should devote three hours a week of his own choosing to the cultivation of vegetables and flowers and the cleaning of flower beds on Mr. Neame's half-acre in Mr. Neame's absence, so that when he and his wife invaded the district on fine week-ends in company with friends from "the bad owd place," the garden should invite admiration. Mr. Woodpecker asked to "sleep on't." After a week he decided that he could make three hours out of early mornings or late evenings for the sum of six shillings a week, the contract to be bounded by summer time. "Soon as ever the day git short," explained Mr. Woodpecker, "Master Smallbone want all there is of it. I can't say nawthen to that, bein' I worked for his father afore him."

More than a year has passed since the bargain was struck and Mr. Neame suggested some months ago that money should be paid monthly into a Savings Bank Account so that, if Mr. Woodpecker "should want a pound or two at any time," it would be there. The idea moved Mr. Woodpecker first to acceptance, then to admiration and pride. He carries his Savings Bank Book in an inside pocket, it never leaves him and is his secret. He would not like Mrs. Woodpecker to learn how near she is to wealth; he has a wholesome fear that, did she but know about it, certain shortages that she has suffered from for years would become unbearable forthwith.

One late summer night, Mr. Woodpecker worked under the full moon to set arrears to right and, his task complete, sat in the porch of Sockets to enjoy a pipe and a glass with Mr. Neame.

"You're a good gardener, Solomon," remarked Mr. Neame.

"There ain't bin a better hereabouts since me owd father died," declared Mr. Woodpecker modestly. "Mind ye, I can't grow melons ne yet grapes, but they're furrin things an' right for'ard folk dedn't oughter want sech. But when that comes to onyons or salary or beans or tomaties, I'd garden along o' the headest man in th' county."

"Was your father a gardener?" inquired Mr. Neame.

"Nit by no means," replied Mr. Woodpecker. "He wore a ploughman, same as me, an' he worked f'r Master Smallbone's gran'father an' he tuk ten shillin' a week an' fifteen pence o' that wore rent. So he gotter tend a garden to fill his stummick. Dedn't, we'd all ha' gone short, that's likely."

"A man dedn't have no hours them days," mused Mr. Woodpecker, ignoring proffered sympathy, "he stopped an' finished a job. An' Saturday dedn't have no arternoon to it neither. An' if parson see ye workin' in y'r garden com Sund'y, he'd promise ye forever o' hell fire, an' if ye dedn't give over, he'd set y'r master on to ye. A man dedn't belong to hisself them days but father kep' all on keepin' on, an' soon as we was old enough, he larnt me an' me brother, what's a seafarin' man.

"Owd Master Smallbone give Father two stetch o' potato ground every year an' planted it along o' his own," continued Mr. Woodpecker, seeing that the furriner was interested, "an' time I come outer school, I'd goo up street an' shovel up th' horse-droppin's inter th' wheel barrer to mend th' garden with. An' come th' summer, I've know'd Father make tharty shillin' o' prizes an' what wi' that an' harvest an' Mother goin' pea-peckin' an' us helpin' her, we allus had enough to eat. But there was a many round here what never."

"I thought pea-picking came in school time," said Mr. Neame.

"Not in these here parts anyways," explained Mr. Woodpecker. "Soon as ever th' peas an' strawberries was ready, th' farmers towd th' schoolmaster to give over an' he gotter shut up f'r a fortnit. You see, th' schoolmaster mastered th' boys but th' farmers mastered he. But there, th' owd schoolmaster dedn't dolour any; he set in his porch an' smoked. He got nawthen to grumble about, no more ha'n't I. There ain't nawthen in schools, rightly speakin'."

"Is that so?"

"Sarten sure," replied Mr. Woodpecker, "I bin to one, so I oughter know. You wanter larn y'r fork an' y'r spade, that don't si'nify what they put in books. It's on'y words, all said an' done."

"Father worked up to fowerteen shillin's," he continued, "an' then I come along, an' me Mother died, an' I got merried an' he lived along of us, an' him an' me tended th' garden. They dedn't gi'e ye no pensions them days, but Father kep' all his seeds an' took cuttin's, an' he got two lights f'r cowcumbers, an' I give him th' prize money what we took at th' Show, an' he liked hisself wunnerful. Time he was in his eighty-two, he was still gardenin' an' time he took his las' prizes, he gotter hobble up on two sticks. Caw! Folk liked to see him an' he liked them to see him; took a pride in hisself like. He 'ouldn't let me fetch his prizes f'r him, nit any."

"That's a fine record," said Mr. Neame, but Mr. Woodpecker never heard him.

"That winter," he went on, "Father happened of a cough an' Dr. Guiver come along. He wore a young man then. He towd me we gotter take care o' Father, bein' he wore bronicle an' chronicle an' he gotter heart, so we kep' him in th' chimney corner, an' I double dug th' owd garden an' let the frost git at it." He paused as though the garden, shining under a full moon, held happy memories for him, memories he would not lightly abandon.

"Come th' spring," he continued after a pause, "Father 'ould goo out. He should say he wanted to hear th' nightingales; they sing all day long hereabouts. Then I see what he wore arter, an' I bin up street an' borried a light fork o' Tod Mole. An' every night I done a bit o' th' heavy work, so he dedn't have nawthen to dig or lift, an' whiles I'd ast him to give over an' let me do other things, but he never. 'Solomon,' he sez, 'th' Book sez we ain't to live no more'n siventy an' I'm in me eighty-two, so I count th' dear Lord kin have me any time he want me, an' welcome, but if he lets me bide it's because he reckons I ain't tore out.' So Father kep' all on keepin' on an' one arternoon, time he wore stakin' some peas, he jest dropped an' when me wife run to pick him up, he worn't there no more by th' good rights. He wore dead."

"A fine ending," said Mr. Neame.

"That must ha' pleased he wunnerful," agreed Mr. Woodpecker. "A man don't wanter waste time on his bed o' sickness if he ain't gooin' to


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get off on't. Father," he continued, "wore a reg'lar larned man though he never had no schoolin'. He couldn't read ne yet write an' he dedn't purtend. 'Solomon,' he towd me many's th' time, 'a garden's th' on'y thing that stay by ye. If ye gotter wife an' child'en, they may goo off dead an' leave ye all alone; if ye gotter dog that's mos'ly boun' to die, time it's owd enough. But if ye gotter garden that'll be with ye till ye can't goo in it no more an' arter you're dead an' buried that'll keep growin', if so be it's tended. That'll belong to ye in a manner o' speakin' though ye ain't there.'"

"Look at them apples an' that owd quince tree," concluded Mr. Woodpecker, "look at th' pear by th' gate. Father raised 'em; they're his'n by th' good rights. I'd ha' buried him in th' garden, but parson 'ouldn't have it. Father 'ould ha' liked it better I lay, stiddy bein' set long side o' men an' women what dedn't know nawthen about gardens or leastaways not so much as he did."

S. L. B.

# The Arts and Entertainment

## LEONARDO DA VINCI

LEONARDO DA VINCI, of all Rennaissance figures the one who concentrated the greatest number of conflicting personalities within himself, was born on April 15, 1452. A series of quincentenary exhibitions is being planned all over Europe: in Paris, in various centres in Italy, and at Amboise within a few miles of the Château of Cloux where in May 1519 he died. The first in this series opened last week at the Diploma Gallery, Burlington House, and will continue for about three months. It consists of four rooms of paintings, drawings, photographs and manuscripts, and is divided into three distinct parts. The two principal rooms are given over to all (I believe I am correct in saying "all") known Leonardo drawings in public and private collections in Great Britain, with the exception of the Windsor Castle collection, from which Sir Kenneth Clark and Mr. Popham have selected over two hundred of the finest examples. Described baldly like that, these rooms do not sound so very remarkable. But we have only to walk around them once to become aware—that we are in for one of the most intense intellectual experiences that are ever likely to come our way.

The drawings are arranged more or less chronologically, enabling us to re-live vicariously step by step Leonardo's life. This life assumes the pattern we have learnt to note from the lives of all the greatest artists who survived into old age: one might describe it, in a way that would perhaps have appealed to Leonardo himself, as a serpentine tail winding back upon itself, ending in youth at the point where it set out, just as our own tour of the two rooms ends at the door through which we first entered. There exists an intimate relationship, which the intervening drawings do not share, between the beginning and the end, between, let us say, the British Museum *Woman carrying a Child* (No. 2) and the Windsor *Woman pointing* (No. 237), although nearly thirty-five years separate them. Leonardo in his first and last works is scarcely concerned with analysing the world around him, but only with recording whatever he finds of beauty or terror upon it, in ink or chalk; but whereas at the beginning he describes the surface of life crowned with glittering and lovable human beings, at the end he is stranded alone in an uninhabitable world, threatened with destruction by water and rocks, which even he, after a lifetime—several lifetimes—of inquiry into the nature of things, knows not how to assimilate. The midsummer night's dream has turned into a tempest.

I cannot hope in a limited space to say anything new about Leonardo, any more than I could about Shakespeare, and I can only advise those proposing to take this exhibition as seriously as it deserves to be taken, first to re-read Clark's biography, which somehow contrives to present an overworked subject with freshness. The subject has indeed been worked to the bone. But it would be foolish from this to presume that we have grown too familiar with these magical sheets, or to imagine that they have so venomously eaten into our system that we are now thoroughly inoculated against them, or that we are in danger, on entering the Diploma Gallery, of greeting them as established friends with perfunctory affection. We discover on the contrary that what we recall so vividly are not the drawings themselves but the learned disquisitions that weave in and out of them but leave them virginal, and the reproductions of them, deadened by reduction in size and by uniformity of tone. We are dazzled when brought once again face to face with the actual sheets, with those faint, sharp horses floating on pink seas, with the growth of a plant settled with mere chalk, with maps both exquisite and accurate, with the child in the womb, with delicate skeletons. London has nothing to show more beautiful than this.

The second section of the exhibition consists of copies of Leonardo's known and lost compositions. There is nothing here from his own hand except possibly the skull on the reverse of the Boltraffio *Gerolamo Casino* from Chatsworth. But the room in which the paintings are hung is not to be dismissed too lightly. The *Last Supper* can in some respects be as well studied in the copy here as in the ghostly wall-painting at Milan, which began to decay in Leonardo's lifetime and has been deteriorating ever since; and the unfinished *Madonna and Children at Play* in the Ashmolean is so close to Leonardo, and reflects so faithfully a composition he is known to have toyed with, that it was once, not foolishly, published as an original.

The final section, organised by the Science Museum, is devoted to Leonardo's scientific studies. These consist chiefly of mounted photographs of his anatomical drawings, and his experiments in hydraulics, surveying, irrigation, aeronautics and other inventions that were then fanciful. Models are on show of various machines for use in war and peace which he imagined but never carried beyond the blueprint stage. Whether Leonardo himself regarded them as suitable for construction in that stage is a matter for dispute. He must have realised that his machine drawings were projects that needed to be elaborated by others before they could be put into operation, and it is silly to complain that they would not work. Too many ideas crowded in on him for time to be found to put all he preached into practice, and he must have known that scientists as well as artists would take hundreds of years to catch up with him. His frogmen, for example, had to wait until the second world war before going into action.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

## THE EXPENSE OF SPIRIT

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN has given us in *The Deep Blue Sea* an extremely poignant play, concentrated, taut and true. The theme is painful and harrowing in the extreme. But Mr. Rattigan has refused the temptation to make concessions. He gives us the impression of having faced his subject as squarely as he knew how and of having brought to bear on it all the conviction of which he was capable. Consequently it bears the unmistakable stamp of sincerity; it rings right, not, as *The Browning Version* seemed to me to do, only in its central character, but through and through.

The theme of the play is obsession, the obsessional infatuation of a married woman for a young man in no obvious way suited to her. Her obsession has carried her down from the comparative comfort of an upper middle-class marriage to the seediness of a furnished flat somewhere round Notting Hill Gate, and it has brought her, when the play opens, to an ineffec-


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tual attempt at suicide. The arrival of her husband (summoned in the absence of her lover who is playing golf this day, it seems) immediately defines for us what Hester Collyer has given up. He takes in the squalid atmosphere in which he finds his wife living with a cold, hard, reserved glance which makes us realise all over again how shoddy and musty the place is. He is a judge, and he governs his deep feelings behind a stockade of good breeding, orderliness and controlled will-power. Mr. Roland Culver is quite excellent in this part, conveying long perspectives behind the clipped speech and tight gestures.

Freddie Page, the young man in question, is inarticulate, too, but on quite a different level. We recognise the type as soon as Mr. Kenneth More enters, a little guiltily, with his golf-bag slung over his shoulder. He is the ex-R.A.F. fighter pilot whose life was glorious in September, 1940, but has ingloriously declined ever since. But he doesn't remain a mere type. He expands in the second act under the author's compassionate handling (compassion and humanity are the new notes which are coming through in Mr. Rattigan's work). He is a bit of a mess, it's true. He stopped growing in 1940. He was a test pilot while he was young enough, and before he began drinking to steady his nerves. Yet if only he'd married an ordinary girl from his own lot, he would have got by, content with a little mild domesticity, varied by pub crawls, the pictures and a few dirty stories. Instead he has had the misfortune to meet Hester and to be glamorised by her; and so he finds himself let in for living at an emotional pitch he can't get anywhere near. The intensity of her obsession with him simply knocks him off his feet. And it isn't, you see, that he doesn't love her. She means more to him, he doesn't mind admitting, than any other girl he's met. But he's simply floundering out of his emotional depth. This suicide business only clinches the matter for him. He must get out, at once. And that—even at a risk to her—roughly, crudely, clumsily, he does.

It is another admirable stroke of Mr. Rattigan's that the only person who can help Hester then should be an unattractive Central European refugee, an ex-doctor struck off for practising abortion, who lives—for this is the kind of place it is—on the floor above. Disaster has pared away from him every spare ounce of sentimentality, but without destroying his heart. Harshly, implacably, ruthlessly he leads her up to the facts of her little case and forces her to look them straight in the eyes; for only beyond an acceptance of the facts can she hope to pull herself out.

This part gives Mr. Peter Illing a chance which he takes finely; and the producer, Mr. Frith Banbury, deserves special praise in particular for meeting without ducking the rawness of the emotional scenes. I have left till last Miss Peggy Ashcroft's remarkable performance in the difficult part of Hester. The part is difficult because it all the time seems threatened with monotony. Miss Ashcroft's really beautiful acting conceals from us as long as we are under her spell the fact that the character she is playing, the central character of the play, is in fact the least created. Hester Collyer is not a person at all; she is an abstraction, she is Obsession, the thing itself, naked and raw, unclothed in the trappings of personality and without the protective outer skin of individual traits and characteristics. And the whole point about obsession is that it is appallingly, boringly, endlessly, compulsively, repetitiously monotonous. No one could suggest the horrors and intensities of this state more faithfully and movingly than Miss Ashcroft.

I must postpone till next week a review of the Old Vic's *Lear*.

T. C. WORSLEY

## A MIRROR FOR WITCHES

*A Mirror for Witches*, which had its first performance last week at Covent Garden, is a grim ballet, but one which comes as a change from such genteelly sinister productions as *Donald of the Burthens* and *Miracle in the Gorbals*. It is a courageous ballet too, for Andrée Howard, the choreographer, has spared nothing in her rendering of the macabre world of seventeenth-century witchcraft. Had the mechanics of a stage bonfire been less difficult, I dare say we would have watched the witches frizzle, instead of seeing them carried by on wooden frames in the reflected glow of the fire, with a witch's child running distracted amongst the crowd. The story concerns this child, who is rescued by a sea captain and taken to his home in puritan New England. Here, haunted by the memory of her mother, she destroys those who love her, becomes enamoured of the Devil and is, in turn, finally condemned as a witch. This tale is told with dramatic vitality and tension, the tension being chiefly sustained by Anne Heaton the witch-girl, whose performance is startling in its violence, its passion and beauty. Miss Heaton can express a double emotion of some complexity, as when she watches her protector die under her curse: here her fury and repentance are demonstrated in a physical writhing that completely realises her spiritual agony. Again when she sends the little twin sisters into convulsions with the gift of two straw dolls, her momentary pity is poignant, a counterpoint to the vitriolic hate, which is at the base of all her human relationships. In a virulent green dress, Miss Heaton flashes among the Puritans, potently evil and alone.

The scenery and costumes are a great contribution to the atmosphere. The dominant colour is always black, though not till the final scene is it a violent black. Here the first impact of Norman Adams's high wooden structures of torture is frightening, but the end of the ballet comes so slowly that the edge of the horror wears off. This is the trouble with several other scenes: each climax is built up and reached with sound artistry, and then it seems there is a lot more music to be filled in. This is most apparent in the forest, where the girl has fled in terror. Slowly the evil spirits gather and the pace increases till she finally accepts the Devil as her lover; after this the hurly-burly drags on and everything is mere repetition. It is the same with the twins, delicate figures, beautifully played by Margaret Dale and Joan Benesh; their convulsions, at first so painfully effective, become on second and third repetition a bit of a bore.

In spite of these defects and the fact that there is nothing to counter-balance the main theme, so that the horror is too held and strained, *A Mirror for Witches* is an impressive ballet. Its honesty and vitality are felt also in Denis Apivor's music, which in the lighter dances is enchanting. For the programme's synopsis Miss Howard has insisted on a rather psychological explanation, and this kind of seriousness, combined with her scrupulous integrity in translating the theme into atmospheric movement, reminded me of Anthony Tudor's work. As an attitude of mind this is something new for the Sadler's Wells company, in practice it gives a wider range of the repertoire.

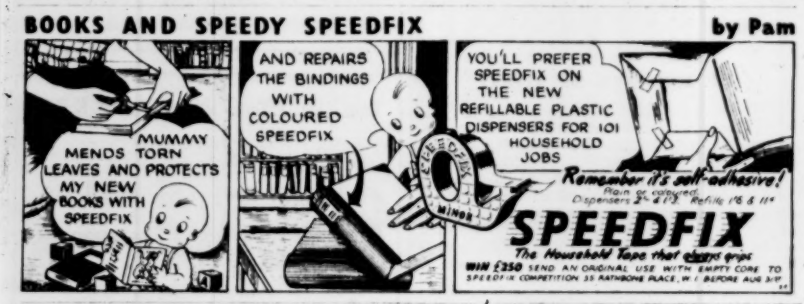
ANNABEL FARJEON

## THE MOVIES

### "Rashomon," at the Rialto
### "I Believe in You," at the Odeon

The Rialto, which for some months has been sheltering a somewhat (I am told) religiose yarn about a boy and a donkey, changes climate with a film from Japan. I don't know what I expected of a Japanese film—something tawdry in colour, I dare say, about paper houses and geisha girls; but *Rashomon* took me quite by surprise. Asia usually sails our way as the background for hard-bitten cynicism or matronly sympathy: these dark, or rose-tinted, spectacles are now suddenly snatched away. What is revealed is native, cruel, poetic, and alive. How am I to convey this impact? Its fierceness was increased for me at the press show by the fact that, to see the captions—for once so necessary, and rendered elusive by a packed audience on a flat floor—I had to settle myself in the first row. *Rashomon* leapt upon me; I could not, if I had wished, escape *Rashomon*. Japan, 7,000 miles away and 1,200 years ago, was brought face to face with its Western audience by means of a handful of actors, a great ruined gate against the sky, a forest, a seashore, an almost deserted magistrate's courtyard, and a fierce story of murder. The compulsive nature of this experience may be suggested if I add that it strikes as powerfully as did Eisenstein's vision of Mexico or *Ivan the Terrible*, while in no way resembling them. The real shock of *Rashomon*, however, is not that it justifies an X certificate (XXXX might be the label), but that it is the work of a master of the cinema who would find few rivals in the West. Who is Akira Kurosawa? What are his other films, and does he stand alone as the exponent of a strong and sophisticated art, or are there in Japan others like him? We don't know; I at least don't.

Three men, a woodcutter, a servant, a priest, sheltering from the rain, bandy words about the late murder of a nobleman in the forest. It was the woodcutter who came upon the body. We follow him, in the sunlight of that terrible day, into the forest: by a wonderful piece of filming, which makes play with the shouldered axe, the leaf patterns, the sun growing more obscured, tragedy comes close. The man turns and runs. Then we see how the dead man had led his lady on a horse, met with a notorious bandit, been bound, forced to witness his wife's rape, and at last killed in a sword fight. Such, at least, is the bandit's own story: he spits it out, with vindictive relish, before the magistrate. The wife has a rather different account. So has the dead man himself, speaking through the mouth of a spiritist. In all, the events of that day are brought before our eyes four times, with a difference and a change of guilt, just as in *The Ring and the Book* Browning twisted and untwisted his old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Florentine murder. The violence of the "tragedy" is enforced by a mixture of sinewy action—dance that never ceases to be realistic—revolving round moments of stillness. The duels, especially, are quite unequalled for beauty and terror. Throughout the film, three devices recur with masterly effect: the drummed sequence of rising suspense, the dramatic focus upon a point or person off-screen, and the use of the immobile witness. The close-ups have a rare intensity, too. Of the actors, one can say only that they seemed to embody their parts (which involve a good deal of unobtrusive miming) faultlessly, and that as the Bandit Toshiro Mifune gives a performance that makes Mr. Marlon Brando, whom we all enjoyed last week, seem a sulky novice.

*I Believe in You* is a fair Ealing version of *Court Circular*, with layers of romance and regeneration slapped on to the rich plum-cake of Mr. Sewell Stokes's memories. The probation officer is played by Mr. Cecil Parker, and Bow Street is made unexpectedly recognisable by the presence of Celia Johnson and others.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## RADIO NOTES

IT is one of the many sad ironies of George Orwell's life that his success did not come from the brilliant imaginative work of his best years but (because they were capable of particular topical interpretation) from the bitter and melancholy semi-political satires that he wrote not long before he died. *Animal Farm*, for instance, which beneath its gentleness and wit is one of the most devastatingly unhappy books ever written, has been widely and enormously enjoyed on both sides of the Atlantic—on what grounds we can only wonder when we reflect on its real theme, that *power, of course, corrupts—but it isn't the meek who shall inherit*. Perhaps it is not the meek who read it. As a *Book at Bedtime*, which it was last year on the Light Programme, *Animal Farm* may have seemed to some readers a curiously unrestful choice; as a Home Service play last Monday, it simply didn't work at all. It was not merely that it lacked absolute sophistication in the presenting, and absolute innocence in the interpreting. The chronicle construction of the story made the episodes stick fast in time; there was no sense of movement between them. And yet, since the scenes consisted more of "meetings" than of dialogue, the confusion of noise continually covered up the narrative. Another problem was that of voices. Here the animals spoke unreservedly like humans. But so did the humans. As a result we could not call up an image of any of them.

The main impression made by the second *New Soundings* was that in spite of the quality of separate items it hadn't the sparkle and variousness of the first. Mr. Lehmann made the point that much writing which we hear with pleasure has not been written for that purpose. But it is also true that nothing is quite the *same* read aloud. Design may be blurred, detail made more sharp. Words lose colour, gain depth. Sometimes the bad seems good, the good dull; new good is found, and so on. It is evident also that a great many writers either have no ear or do not listen to what they write as they write it. Of the two interesting and beautiful poems which began the programme (Francis King's *New Year : Florence*, and *The Burning Hare*, by J. C. Hall) the first lost a little in the reading; perhaps, as often happens, it was read too slowly. Christopher Isherwood spoke, in American, about young American novelists (American critics, he remarked, are apt to treat writers as if they were boxers, who win or lose, have comebacks, become ex-champs); Louis MacNeice read his long poem, *The Death of a Cat*. There were two other pieces of prose: John Guest's delicate passage of schoolday recollection, and Robin Jenkins' sensitive-horrible story about a nasty little girl (crushed snake, crushed flower, drowned bodies on the shore. Lawrence?). But these were not examples of the Mandarin and the Vernacular, as Mr. Lehmann declared, so much as classic instances of what is the malady as well as the chief source of power of so much imaginative writing to-day—the writer's obsession with childhood. This, Mr. Lehmann in his linking passages, strangely forbore to mention.

Lewis Hastings's *Portrait Sketch* of Khama, on Sunday morning, was striking and dignified; it was also one of the few in this series in which the subject was not minimised into a quaint personal possession of the speaker. (Some, in fact, have suggested nothing so much as an unconscious retaliation of the one for having once been too much impressed by the others.) In the same morning, *Music Magazine* presented among its excellent diversities an account of Sousa by the late Constant Lambert. If anything could reconcile me to the march as a *genre* it would have been this enthusiastic analysis of the composer's achievement. But my real reason for introducing the matter is to mention the splendid reading from a sentimental novel, *The Fifth String*, which Sousa also wrote.

NAOMI LEWIS

### Peter Lanyon, at Gimpel Fils

At his best, Lanyon is one of our most imaginative landscape painters. Two facts can help us to understand the workings of his imagination; that he is a Cornishman and that he has done a certain amount of flying. The west Cornish landscape is like a piece of ore rather than, as others, like an orchard. Its secret is in its centre and the painter, in order to discover its true nature, must dig into it, turn it this way and that, simultaneously examine it in detail and weigh it as a whole. Lanyon does this by gathering into one painting the sensation and vision of many separate viewpoints. He tilts a landscape up and looks at it as if from the air, he extends it sideways as if seen from a car racing across it, he sounds its depths within its mineshafts. His paintings are like maps—but with horizons, and with images made volatile and sensuous by the beautifully sheer application of the paint. Of course, the results of such an involved and introspective process are frequently incoherent; his pictures are often merely elegant, evocative patterns. Yet when they do come off, they present a vision of really remarkable scope. In the magnificent painting called *Trevalgan* (No. 2), the dip and flow of the fields from the gentle South coast on the left to the angular North coast on the right, the broken white cliff-faces, the clean force of the wind across the whole peninsula, the washed light, are all wrought together into one *new* form which simultaneously rises up from the sea and lies, as in an aerial view, flat upon it. It is a painting, not of the appearance, but of the properties of a landscape: properties only discovered when one knows a place so well that its ordinary scenic appearance has long been forgotten.

J. B.

### "The Vortex," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

How brilliantly this early Noel Coward play revives, and what an enjoyable evening it makes. After more than twenty years it remains extremely amusing in its first part and curiously moving in its last. Time indeed may have actually helped, for the Twenties have quickly become period and we see how successfully the young author in the middle of them caught his victims and fixed them in his solution of style. The comedy of manners which is the framework of the play is admirably presented at Hammersmith with Robert Andrews, Sylvia Coleridge, Adrianne Allen and Isabel Jeans performing the rights of Scandalous College with wicked malice. Miss Isabel Jeans, indeed, is altogether perfect; the neatness and style of her phrasing is a perpetual delight, and she carries the performance right through into the Closet scene with absolute consistency. Mr. Dirk Bogarde, in the Noel Coward part, is another matter. His performance, too, is consistent and even strong, but it doesn't really fit in with the play. He fails both to catch the brittle artificiality and to evoke atmosphere and so doesn't succeed in convincing us that he is standing at the very edge. His final appeal to his mother comes over as if from strength instead of from weakness. It works in a kind of way, but not quite the kind of way that was intended.

T. C. W.

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# Correspondence

## CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—It seems likely that, in view of its price, the *Survey of Rewards and Punishments in Schools* will be read by comparatively few, and, since the newspaper reports have been extremely summary, perhaps you will allow me to refer to a few points of interest in the survey.

"These questions . . . concern not only parents and children, teachers and educational administrators, but also all those in charge in any way with . . . children and youth." Yet the survey is made up almost entirely of the opinions of teachers. ("Parents" and "Psychiatrists" are not even mentioned in the index!) ". . . An inquiry into the effect on the child of various forms of punishment and reward" and advice "in the light of modern scientific knowledge" was what the Minister of Education asked for. What he has been given is the teachers' opinions on the effect on the child (and this, apparently, judged by the production of immediate acceptance of the teacher's authority); and of modern scientific knowledge about long-term effects on the child's personality there is nothing in the survey apart from one or two vague allusions. "As a first step towards the drawing up of a programme of work, a preliminary conference was called. . ." Yet, strangely, neither the Member of Parliament who originally raised the matter nor the Committee which has been collecting evidence on this subject for years, were either invited to this conference or given the opportunity of submitting evidence. "There are no figures given in this report from which any conclusions whatever can be drawn regarding the incidence of corporal punishment in the educational system as a whole." But what an astonishing omission! One might have thought that an estimate of the extent of the problem would have been the first research target.

The "basic specification of the typical schoolmaster" laid down at Winchester in A.D. 1400 is still, apparently, regarded as suitable for A.D. 1952. "On July 8th, 1874, Regulation (b) was amended to read 'Assistant teachers . . . shall be prohibited absolutely from inflicting corporal punishment.'" What progress in eight decades!

Only 26 L.E.As have varied their regulations since 1934. Here is a chance for action by those who live in the areas of the other 110 L.E.As which replied to the questionnaire.

Reference is made to pupils "who had been successfully deterred" by corporal punishment. What is the criterion of "success"? Apparently mere subjugation. Since it is pleaded that time did not permit of long-term case-studies, there might at least have been an investigation of school punishment books. If, as I suspect might be the case, the same children's names frequently recurred, what sort of "success" is it, even on this narrow criterion?

There is an "Assessment of Home Management of Pupils" made by teachers. Why not an "Assessment of School Management of Pupils" made by parents?

Also, the children involved in this assessment were entirely atypical—out of 191 children, 149 came from Rural Schools and the other 42 from Child Guidance Clinics, a school for educationally backward, and a Remedial Education Centre.

The women teachers in mixed schools approve of corporal punishment markedly less than the men teachers. Thus the assumption that men cane more because boys are naturally more difficult than girls cannot be the whole story. "The boys most urgently needed by the games master for the school teams may include a more than average proportion of the difficult pupils." I can find nothing in the evidence to warrant this statement.

"Corporal punishment was reported to be comparatively ineffective when the co-operation of parents is lacking." But: "The opinion is often expressed that more co-operation between teacher and parent would solve most of the difficulties. . ." That is, it appears, corporal punishment is likely to be ineffective in those cases where it may be necessary!

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## KOREAN TRUCE

SIR,—Your journal often discusses the question of Korea and I sometimes think that not all the factors involved there are fully understood. It must be remembered to begin with that (a) the Chinese army was a defeated one last June when the talks began. The Chinese, you can be sure, used the maximum force they could muster to drive us off the peninsula. These offensives were bloody failures and the Chinese in the end were themselves on the defensive and unable to halt the slow but methodical advance of the Eighth Army. (b) Air power is the key to the issue; with it we win; without it we would, eventually, lose Korea; it is as simple as that. It must be pointed out, and many people make this mistake, that the advent of the MIG15 has not affected the situation materially. Only B-29 operations, perhaps the least significant on the peninsula, have been affected.

I think that there has been too much emphasis and worry on what might happen if a truce were violated. A truce has not yet been achieved and is not likely. If a truce were violated, enemy air operations themselves would be greatly stepped up and would involve us in really serious air fighting over Korea itself.

The chief problem now is what to do about the stalemate: let it go on, agree with the Communists or some other course? Clearly, just letting it continue as a festering sore as has happened for seven months cannot go on. Agreeing with the Communists on their present terms would put the Eighth Army in grave danger and give up 70,000 R.O.K. soldiers to the enemy. Finally some action, probably amphibious, could be conducted to destroy the Chinese army in Korea, and wring by force some suitable solution. This may sound drastic but would in the long run provide the most satisfactory answer. It is a tough solution, but tough problems require tough answers. I think your fears concerning air operations against China are exaggerated. This is no solution whatever to the problem and in the final analysis must be discounted even by those who advocate it now. CURTIS B. BROOKS

Marlboro, Vermont.

## JAPANESE COMPETITION

SIR,—May I be allowed to comment upon the point raised by Mr. Sydney Silverman, M.P., regarding the importance to Lancashire of Japanese traders being allowed to export their textile goods to their "natural" market on the Chinese mainland?

The present recession in textile trading stems from many causes, some of which affect other world textile producers just as much as those of Lancashire, but the re-emergence of Japan as an important world competitor during 1950 is one of these same causes.

A few figures of recent Japanese textile production will illustrate the seriousness of the position. In 1950, over one thousand million square yards of Japanese cloth found its way into world markets, and exports over the past twelve months have been at a similar high level. Yet it is no secret here, or in Japan, for that matter, that total world trade in textiles is declining consequent upon the emergence of home producing industries, and not increasing to make room for these enormous Japanese exports.

Which countries of the world are at present accepting Japanese textiles in large quantities and to what degree does the post-war pattern of Japanese overseas trade in textiles bear any similarity with that of pre-war days?

Before 1939 the most important single market for Japanese textiles was "British India" [the title is retained from the Current Trading Accounts], with the Chinese mainland an extremely close second. Again export figures are necessary. Between 1932 and 1938—the "heyday" of Japanese world competition in textiles, the Chinese mainland (made up of Korea, China proper, Kwantung and Manchuria) accepted between 400 and 500 million square yards of cloth annually, representing roughly 14 per cent of the total Japanese textile exports. Measured on present Japanese production figures and assuming that the Chinese consumers would still wish to purchase Japanese goods in similar quantities as before, this pre-war figure represents between 40 and 50 per cent. of present Japanese production.

It is little wonder that Mr. Silverman and his Lancashire constituents regard this question of trade with the Chinese mainland, as of some importance.

On the other hand, since 1945 more than half of the Japanese cloth exports have been to Indonesia and Pakistan—with the Malay States, Siam, Australia and Great Britain accepting the remainder. In fact, with the old important markets on the Asiatic and United States mainlands closed to her, the 1951 shipments of Japanese cloths to Commonwealth and South-East Asian markets were much in excess of those in pre-war days.

If the Government would show sufficient political courage and realism to urge upon the Americans the necessity of opening up the Chinese mainland once again to Japanese textile exports, then much of this excessive competition might be diminished.

Manchester, 18. ROWLAND SMITH

## SOVIET PUBLICATIONS

SIR,—It it with joy and astonishment that I read the paragraph about the confiscation of publications by the British authorities in Western Germany. With joy for it is time that somebody took the matter up, and with astonishment for I did not know you did not know about it.

The matter is even graver than it appears. Publications from the East Zone of Germany are withheld from the addressee by the officers of the custom

offices, in contradiction to the privacy of letters guaranteed by the Constitution. In addition we are informed that we may appeal against this illegal decision by naming facts which show "special reasons" why we should be allowed the confiscated matters. The appeal has to go to the British authorities. As we have not the slightest idea what material is confiscated it is impossible to give special reasons. I once wrote to the British authorities asking them to give me the necessary information in order that I could make a proper appeal. I received no answer.

It is a fact that in England you have at least to a certain extent the possibility to keep in touch with Soviet literature. Even the Literary Supplement of *The Times* has from time to time a survey or a criticism on it. I could, therefore, buy English translations of Soviet literature, for the import of such books from Great Britain is not forbidden. But if I want to read them in German, I must turn to the publications in the German Democratic Republic and by doing so I am liable for punishment. In fact, even German classics printed East of the Elbe are forbidden in the West—by British law.

Wolfenbüttel, Leibnizstr. 5. WERNER ILBERG

## INDIAN ELECTIONS

SIR,—If your "correspondent from Bihar State" (*N.S. & N.*, Feb. 9) would report the vote in that province, it might diminish the weight to be given your conclusion that the Socialists "have done badly" in India's first universal suffrage election.

Reports from Bihar give the Congress 3.9 million votes, to the Socialists' 1.7 million, and the Communists' 93,000. ("Independents," blossoming in Bihar as elsewhere, won 1.8 million, and a regional party, the Dharkand, won 800,000.) In seats, the Socialists won 23, the Communists none.

To date, in the State assemblies of Bombay, Bihar, and U.P. (which together comprise about 40 per cent. of India's population), the Communists have won not a single seat, and the Socialists have emerged as the main opposition, as they have in a number of other provinces—in twice as many states as the Communists.

In the all-India vote the Socialists came second, polling ten million, or 10 per cent., to the Communists' five or six million, or less than 6 per cent. The K.M.P.P. and the religious-Right parties trailed. Nehru's Congress received 44 per cent. of the popular vote, which, as Mr. Trumbull of the *N.Y. Times* wrote on February 17 from New Delhi, "is taken as a surprising repudiation of Congress party leadership by a majority of the electorate."

None of this is to contest the significance of the rise of Indian Communism in the South. Because of that strategic sectional base the Communists have secured 194 State legislative seats to the Socialists' 122, and 27 seats at the centre to the Socialists' 12. (135 of these Communist State seats and 20 of their 27 central posts come from their three Southern strongholds.) But even in the South, the Socialists are still in the running. For instance, in Travancore-Cochin, scene of the first and most surprising Communist victory, the Communists polled about 650,000 to the Socialists' 500,000.

This is to suggest that the Socialists, although neither "taken seriously" nor "liked" by New Delhi, are liked by enough Indians to make them the second party, with a serious ten million votes behind them.

Even in Bombay, where you say "Congress has swept the board," the story—although true in seats—is less conclusive in terms of the vote. In the key Bombay City constituency, where Congress fortuitously picked a candidate named Gandhi, and the Communists put an immense campaign behind their leader Dange, and the Socialists fought for their secretary, Asoka Mehta, the results were:

| | |
|---|---|
| Congress .. .. | 149,138 |
| Socialists .. .. | 139,741 |
| Communists .. | 96,765 |
| Independents .. | Over 50,000 |

The fight has just begun. With 56 per cent. of the Indian people already voting against Congress (and much more in the advanced provinces), despite Nehru's vast but ebbing popularity, it appears that new forces are coming to take over the stage. In a land on the verge of social revolution, such forces can be measured better by votes in villages than by posts in legislatures. In these terms, the Socialists certainly have a fighting chance.

As Socialist leader Jaiprakash Narayan stated in Patna on February 15, the struggle for the mind of India which has started will be waged, not by the declining and corrupt Congress, but primarily between the Socialists and the Communists.

As for Nehru, Jaiprakash concluded: "When the whole of Asia is hankering for change and deliverance from the tyranny and injustice of the old order, Pandit Nehru has stood up as a pitiful champion of that same old rotten order and become a roadblock to all change." HARRIS WOFFORD, JR.

Howard University,
Washington, D.C.

## REPERTORY CRISIS

SIR,—Mervyn Jones speaks the truth in his article "Repertory Crisis," when he says that "a Light Programme and a Third Programme in what could be the most unifying of the arts" have grown up. The compromise between real endeavour and the dangerously impotent policy of the professed "commermerial" managers is difficult to find.

There are probably more repertory theatres at this time than at any other, but, unfortunately, so many of the larger towns (and, therefore, the most profitable financially) are already served by the few repertory chain systems, and a few independent managers of the same type. The service these managers do for the cause of theatre is negligible, whatever the evidence of the box office returns may show. Often they are presenting legitimate theatre to a traditionally music hall audience, and they exploit this fact by making, at the most, superficial efforts to establish a theatrical tradition of any value. The general policy is reactionary to say the very least of it. Even the plays they present (under admittedly difficult conditions, which, however, they resolutely do nothing to overcome by decent endeavour) have changed little in twenty years. Indeed, so often they are the very same plays, only too familiar to any actor who has had the experience of working for these play factories, which turn out their perennial and vulgar farce-drama-thriller cycle twice nightly to audiences who would be as well served by a nude revue.

What the apologists for the commercial rep. system (at its blatant worst anyway) forget is that all it succeeds in doing is fulfilling needs and tastes that are already served much more efficiently by the cinema and the music hall. The great damage lies in the fact that they do nothing to implement the unique appeal that sets the theatre apart from other forms of art and entertainment. They are worse than useless.

Of course, this is only one part of the undergrowth that is making the theatrical jungle more dense and perilous than ever.

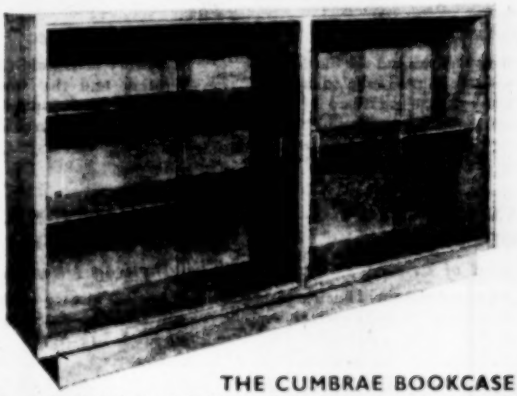
As for the Drama Schools Mr. Jones mentions, they are an example of another large, predatory finger in the theatrical pie. Swelling the funds of Equity by their yearly spawning of shoals of eager misses from Pinner and Sunningdale (so often happily subsidised against unemployment by Mummy or Daddy), they make the actor's search for employment annually more difficult.

The impression of waste on all sides of the profession is the one that strikes one the most: waste of time, talent, money, opportunity. *Laissez-faire* runs wild, and the results are there for all to lament impotently at General Meetings. A niggling cure is haggled over, and cause is conveniently ignored.

Equity could attempt to solve the problem by encroaching upon Charing Cross Road, and (possibly by increasing the subscription considerably—it would be well worth it) do something directly about the employment of its members, as I believe French Equity does. But, after its early battles, Equity has probably become powerful and respectable enough to ignore the cause of whole-hearted, blood-and-bone progress. Also, those gentlemen who are licensed annually by the L.C.C. are too firmly leeched to their clients to be dislodged or scraped off quite so easily.

If planned economy ever takes a complete hold upon the resources of this country, it seems almost certain that the Theatre, at least, will remain the jolly playground of free enterprise, the burial ground of art and integrity, and, incidentally, of the artist.

London, W.14. JOHN OSBORNE



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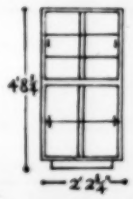


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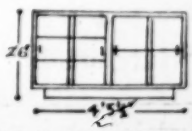

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# Spring Books Supplement

## NORMAN DOUGLAS: 1868-1952

WHAT extremists the late Victorians were, how pungently given to dangerous thoughts. When we look back upon figures like Butler, Shaw and Wells, and even no further than D. H. Lawrence, E. M. Forster, Bertrand Russell and a minor figure like Norman Douglas, one sees a reckless and indignant collection of prodigal fathers, slamming away at the foundations of society, blowing up received religion, peppering family life. Lucky iconoclasts: the assassins had not yet joined in when they started to work. Norman Douglas had had forty-six years of the *douceur de vivre* before the 1914 war broke out: nearly half a century of order and respectability to live off like so much capital.

Douglas was an urbane and purposeful "character" if hardly a formidable thinker in the game; he was a recalcitrant rather than a rebel. His solution for the troubles of civilisation was a simple, private one: tow the north into the Mediterranean where it would lose its aggression and discover how to live. Or, rather, tow that peculiar Victorian survival known as the "fittest" or "the man of breeding"—for Douglas was a hedonist who had cultivated the Johnson touch and was vain of the word of command. He had Shaw's belief in a mystery they both called "the gentleman." It was a mere irony that *South Wind* became the Apocrypha of a younger generation of sophisticates or cads in the Twenties, for sophistication is not a word one would think of applying to this author. He was too solid for that. One remembers, in *South Wind*, the old-fashioned basting he gave to one of his masters, Samuel Butler, for refusing to "face facts," and for "escaping into abstractions." Norman Douglas came to hang facts round his altar like those gifts, amulets and fragments which are hung by the superstitious in southern chapels. One seems to see a picturesque Mr. Gradgrind who has been sent south in order to be prevented from interfering with school curricula, and to become a character *in vacuo*. For half of Douglas belies the usual notion of the Epicurean. Compared with Anatole France, he's a dominie. Douglas is too earnest in opposition. He is a muscular non-Christian, a hardened sceptic, an immoralist by sheer tirelessness, even assertion, of the Scottish conscience, a powerful egotistical nagger in continuous moral argument, and filled with the sectary's fine palate for ethical conundrums. His laughter—I speak, of course, of the laughter in his books—has the short, tolerant scorn, the touch of brutality, sometimes the mad, fantastic ring of the ex-Puritan; there is a note of amused vengeance in it—a vengeance, perhaps, upon the cruelty, perversity, or plain boredom of early teaching. There is a touch of Carlyle in it. I do not know anything about the early life of Norman Douglas; yet one cannot but suspect that at some early age, the Scottish devil must have been made irresistibly attractive to him and that *South Wind* is the Calvinist's, as well as the pleasure-seeker's hedonist's, revenge.

A great deal has been made of the comparison with Peacock. There is something of Dr. Folliott in Keita in *South Wind* everyone talks and drinks deeply. Peacock also was a Scot. One might say that Peacock had been calmed down by having an outlet in practical affairs for his marked love of power; such an outlet was very brief in Douglas's life and that may have led to his well-known railing and raging. And then Douglas, unlike Peacock, is out to prove something in *South Wind*; he thumps away at the rewards of wickedness, or rather at the benefits of "natural" action, at the benefits of the doctrine of doing evil that good may come of it. He is scandalising the Kirk. Peacock on the other hand was a melodious writer, his fantasies were gracious. Anger and distraction had not turned him into an expatriate. He was a poet. Douglas was not. Douglas was a humane man but of the practical sort. He was not specially sensitive. His intellect was scientific—like Butler's—and the beauties of his writing are contrived from an exactitude of eye and from the ironies of research. The landscape in *South Wind* is a superb collection of well-placed geological and botanical observations, of notes on climate; one remembers the crinkled sea, the changing temperatures of the island, those draughts of cold air coming from the buried caverns, their suggestion of physical cataclysm and terror, and their usefulness to the natural philosophers of engineering on the island. Very rarely does the poetic image intrude in Douglas's descriptions; if it does it seems false, as when, for example, the precipices of Nepenthe are suddenly, in some unguarded personal note of excess, called "bastions of flame." If the sunset is described, as it is on Mr. Heard's memorable last evening on the island, Douglas obtains his result by dividing the experiment into three. First he observes the effect on the sea; then, when the sun goes down, the sudden colourlessness of the land; at last he notes the transfer of colour to the sky. There is no messy literary palette here, nor is there anything like that personal, contemporary attempt to talk the sunset on and off. Scientific observation, impersonal comment, are the means. This was Douglas's very original contribution to landscape in literature, and it comes from the mastery of a defect of temperament, a defect of heart.

Douglas is an excellent writer of works of travel: he has the necessary independence of mind, his loneliness, the face that gives nothing away. *Old Calabria* is certainly a minor classic. The writer has contrived to write in the speaking voice of the educated man. His eye wanders from the road into the generalities of history and religion; he will go off with Gibbonian relish into the habits of monastic life, the mortifications, the politics and frauds of early sanctity, but he never misses the precise contours of the country. At home in southern Italy, ready to make friends anywhere, never ready to be presumed on, he opinionates and describes learnedly like an intellectual soldier soaked in his campaign. The misery of the malarial regions, the spectacle of hunger, are shortly, contemptuously noted. The contempt is for authority, in politics or the Church; but Douglas's conception of politics was the aristocratic one that human nature does not change. He held it because he was self-willed, self-centred, amateur. He had pity. Faced by misery he was humane; but his particular protest against what one imagines to be early influences, depended on an unending supply of rascality and fatuity in human nature and of vulgar caprice in its gods. He was indignant about brigandage, but characteristically looked for its sources, not for its cure. What did move him was a love of nature, its rock, flowers, creatures, and the instinctive physical delights of life; and he was haunted by the tragic shadow that brightens the eyes of pleasure. He did not seek to evade the tragedy. Natural disaster, when he saw it in the earthquake ruins of that time, deeply appalled him. The scene after the disaster at Messina inspires a description which at once catches the contemporary eye, for the earthquake was like an appalling air raid, and I do not remember one of our descriptions of ruin which so thoroughly gives the facts and conveys also the shock to the eye, mind and heart. In Douglas's fantasies or allegories, in a work like *They Went*, for example, where with tiresome perversity he sets out a highly artificial, and tendentious conflict between the good and the beautiful, he can certainly be accused of wilfulness and sadism when he describes the destruction of the city; but in that book he was being what he himself most disapproved—a preacher. In the account of the earthquake in Calabria there is no fantasy. He was confronted with the god which the pagan must most deeply fear: Nature herself.

"Between goodness and beauty there yawns a gulf which none can bridge over . . . . Foolish men always mean well . . . . We have enemies enough . . . . " Who are the enemies? The All-Highest and the political tyrant or leader. God and the government are "leagued together, like all good folks, for the destruction of beauty. Envy makes strange bed-fellows." Down the Great Drain with them. A whole generation of our ungovernable elders—Shaw, Butler, Wilde and, later on, Chesterton and Belloc—were captivated by the simplicities of paradox, by the pretence that things that were different were really opposites. Moral beauty? To admit that would be to sell the pass to the Philistines. Douglas stood in his own light on principle. The large, committing, confusing issues rose up everywhere he turned: he put his derisive back to them and became a critic, a scholar, a worker in small things, a discreet writer of indiscreet footnotes.

By an irony, it is the good puzzled bishop, Mr. Heard, who is the success of *South Wind*; the rest of the people in that book are monotonous in their varying degrees of corruption, though the drunken lady has the merit of a fantastic freedom and innocence. She indeed lives in another world. Douglas is an observer of human

nature who depends upon his first impression for his effect; he is not a novelist in the sense that he proceeds any deeper into his people. He certainly is not "in" them and has little sympathy. He is the brilliant satirical talker, the egotist who is the unrelaxing circus master displaying his own powers as a trainer, not the real powers of the animals. How, the human reader asks, have those grotesques been trained to the master's will? There is, unnoticed by him but patent to us, a pathos in their fixed gaze, as they watch the whip. Of course, the entertainment is good; Capri continues to be Nepenthe to this day, the delightful, deplorable zoo of European and American aberration, in which the animals in captivity have been removed from the struggle for life. But Keith and the Greek fraud have become trivial bores now the good times have gone; the world has thought of vastly more disturbing whims than any Douglas could record. One can't get greatly worked up about a blackmailer pushed off a cliff in Capri. Of course, Keith *knows* he is a bore; there is a little comedy in that; but the party line of pleasure is as strangling as any other party line. Give a man enough of any party line and he will hang himself.

Douglas was often an excellent critic of other writers in an egotistical way and some of the things he said about Butler might be said of himself:

> I spent nearly a week with Butler. I found him interesting not for what he writes, but for what he is. A landmark. Think of when he wrote. It was an age of giants—Darwin and the rest. Their facts were too much for him; they impinged on some obscure old prejudices of his. They drove him into a clever perversity of humour. They account for his cat-like touches, his contrariness, his fondness for scoring off everybody from the Deity downwards, his premeditated irresponsibilities . . . .
>
> "Did he not prove that the Odyssey was written by a woman?"
>
> "He did. Anything to escape from realities—that was his maxim. Look at the back of his mind and you will always see the same thing: horror of a fact."

Douglas certainly had no horror of a fact—but he plumped for the *small* facts. At its best, this was the Mediterranean piety towards detail, the reverence for the stone, the flower, the bird, the fragment and the hour; at its second best this was an attempt to anthologise history and civilisation in footnotes. They became a sort of personal schismatic theology. *South Wind* and *Old Calabria* are lasting curiosities, but they are odd relics for a man who conveys that he had dissipated reserves of intellectual power and called if the art of living.

V. S. PRITCHETT

# The Death of a Cat

I

Since then, those months ago, these rooms miss something,
A link, a spark, and the street down there reproves
My negligence, particularly the gap
For the new block which, though the pile of timber
Is cleared on which he was laid to die, remains
A gap, a catch in the throat, a missing number.

You were away when I lost him, he had been absent
Six nights, two dead, which I had not learnt until
You returned and asked and found how he had come back
To a closed door having scoured the void of Athens
For who knows what and at length, more than unwell
Came back and less than himself, his life in tatters.

Since when I dislike that gap in the street and that obdurate
Dumb door of iron and glass and I resent
This bland blank room like a doctor's consulting room
With its too many exits, all of glass and frosted,
Through which he lurked and fizzed, a warm retort,
Found room for his bag of capers, his bubbling flasket.

For he was our puck, our miniature lar, he fluttered
Our dovecot of visiting cards, he flicked them askew,
The joker among them who made a full house. As you said,
He was a fine cat. Though how strange to have, as you said later,
Such a personal sense of loss. And looking aside
You said, but unconvincingly: What does it matter?

II

To begin with he was a beautiful object:
Blue crisp fur with a white collar,
Paws of white velvet, springs of steel,
A Pharaoh's profile, a Krishna's grace,
Tail like a questionmark at a masthead
And eyes dug out of a mine, not the dark
Clouded tarns of a dog's, but cat's eyes—
Light in a rock crystal, light distilled
Before his time and ours, before cats were tame.

To continue, he was alive and young,
A dancer, incurably male, a clown,
With his gags, his mudras, his entrechats,
His triple bends and his double takes,
Firm as a Rameses in African wonderstone,
Fluid as Krishna chasing the milkmaids,
Who hid under carpets and nibbled at olives,
Attacker of ankles, nonesuch of nonsense,
Indolent, impudent, cat catalytic.

To continue further: if not a person
More than a cypher, if not affectionate
More than indifferent, if not volitive
More than automaton, if not self-conscious
More than mere conscious, if not useful
More than a parasite, if allegorical
More than heraldic, if man-conditioned
More than a gadget, if perhaps a symbol
More than a symbol, if somewhat a proxy
More than a stand-in—was what he was!
A self-contained life, was what he must be
And is not now: more than an object.

And is not now. Spreadeagled on coverlets—
Those are the coverlets, bouncing on chairbacks—
These are the chairs, pirouetting and sidestepping,
Feinting and jabbing, breaking a picture frame—
Here is the picture, tartar and sybarite,
One minute quicksilver, next minute butterballs,
Precise as a fencer, lax as an odalisque,
And in his eyes the light from the mines
One minute flickering, steady the next,
Lulled to a glow or blown to a blaze,
But always the light that was locked in the stone
Before his time and ours; at best semi-precious
All stones of that kind yet, if not precious,
Are more than stones, beautiful objects
But more than objects. While there is light in them.

III

Canyons of angry sound, catastrophe, cataclysm,
Smells and sounds in cataracts, cat-Athens,
Not, not the Athens we know, each whisker buzzing
Like a whole Radar station, typhoons of grapeshot,
Crossfire from every roof of ultra-violet arrows
And in every gutter landmines, infra-red,
A massed barrage of too many things unknown
On too many too quick senses (cossetted senses
Of one as spoilt as Pangur Ban, Old Foss
Or My Cat Jeoffrey), all the drab and daily
Things to him deadly, all the blunt things sharp,
The paving stones a sword dance. Chanting hawkers
Whose street cries consecrate their loaves and fishes
And huge black chessmen carved out of old priests
And steatopygous boys, they all were Gogs and Magogs
With seven-league battering boots and hair-on-ending voices
Through which he had to dodge. And all the wheels
Of all the jeeps, trucks, trams, motor-bicycles, buses, sports-cars,
Caught in his brain and ravelled out his being
To one high horrible twang of breaking catgut,
A swastika of lightning. Such was Athens
To this one indoors cat, searching for what
He could not grasp through what he could not bear,
Dragged to and fro by unseen breakers, broken
At last by something sudden; then dragged back
By his own obstinate instinct, a long dark thread
Like Ariadne's ball of wool in the labyrinth
Not now what he had played with as a kitten
But spun from his own catsoul, which he followed
Now that the minotaur of machines and men
Had gored him, followed it slowly, slowly, until
It snapped a few yards short of a closed door,
Of home, and he lay on his side like a fish on the pavement
While the ball of wool rolled back and down the hill,
His purpose gone, only his pain remaining
Which, even if purpose is too human a word,
Was not too human a pain for a dying cat.

IV

Out of proportion? Why, almost certainly.
You and I, darling, knew no better
Than to feel worse for it. As one feels worse
When a tree is cut down, an ear-ring lost,
A week-end ended, a child at nurse
Weaned. Which are also out of proportion.

Sentimentality? Yes, it is possible;
You and I, darling, are not above knowing
The tears of the semi-, less precious things,
A pathetic fallacy perhaps, as the man
Who gave his marble victory wings
Was the dupe—who knows—of sentimentality,

Not really classic. The Greek Anthology
Laments its pets (like you and me, darling),
Even its grasshoppers; dead dogs bark
On the roads of Hades where poets hung
Their tiny lanterns to ease the dark.
Those poets were late though. Not really classical.

Yet more than an object? Why, most certainly.
You and I, darling, know that sonatas
Are more than sound and that green grass
Is more than grass or green, which is why
Each of our moments as they pass
Is of some moment; more than an object.

So this is an epitaph, not for calamitous
Loss but for loss; this was a person
In a small way who had touched our lives
With a whisk of delight, like a snatch of a tune
From which one whole day's mood derives.
For you and me, darling, this is an epitaph.

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## MUCH ADO ABOUT EVERYTHING

**Berlioz and the Romantic Century.** By JACQUES BARZUN. *Gollancz.* 2 vols. 63s.

After a struggle of some months with Mr. Barzun's *Berlioz* I was not surprised to learn that Mr. Barzun himself had been struggling with his material for twenty years. The book is filled with the debris of battle. A picture forms in the reader's mind of a household distracted by mounting piles of Berlioz material extending from room to room: additions, alterations, correspondence, memoranda, facsimiles, periodicals by the gross. Such things, of course, lie in the background of any large-scale literary enterprise; but they ought to remain out of sight. Here, the reader feels himself involved in the chaos; and he has no difficulty in believing the author's assurance that the manuscript "only reached publishable shape because of the intelligent efforts of (successively) the Misses Carolyn Robinson, Emiliana Pasca, Lillian Beresnack, Dora Bierer, Violet Serwin." "Successively" is a good touch; we see the march of the helpful generations as they arrive with the eagerness of youth and in due course hand on the torch. They have not laboured wholly in vain. The massive and important book which they have helped to deliver has been highly praised, especially by Mr. Ernest Newman. And it is true that Mr. Barzun has demonstrated, in the most painstaking way, that previous Berlioz biography is full of errors and distortions, and in particular that the three standard volumes of Adolphe Boschot are excessively censorious in tone. But his own work also contains a fatal flaw: it is unreadable, except in small doses. The arts of composition and organisation have been so neglected that the result is less a book than a quarry, and the sound that lingers in our ears is the dull thud of the pickaxe.

This is all the more unfortunate because Berlioz is a magnificent subject and himself the most lively and stimulating of prose writers. Moreover, he presents, both as man and as artist, critical problems of unusual complexity because, in his case, the sublime and the eccentric are so closely intertwined. It is not much use looking to Mr. Barzun for help; his admiration is so unqualified that he has felt obliged to invent a new form of Index, an "Index to Misconceptions about Berlioz and to Their Corrections," as passionately indignant and emphatic as the letters of Queen Victoria. "His music not invariably FANTASTIC . . . His first symphony not about HARRIET SMITHSON . . . His life a MONUMENT OF COMPLETENESS . . . His uncommon SANITY (even while composing *LELIO*) . . . His preference for calm and contemplative subjects to the VIOLENT AND BLOOD-CURDLING." And so on. As we look through this wonderful Index, we begin to feel about the author as Elizabeth Bennet felt about Mr. Collins: "Can he be a sensible man, sir?"

Our doubts on this score are increased by the curious layout of the two large volumes. There are 25 biographical chapters, most of which conclude with a dissertation on one of the "twelve great works" or on some general aesthetic subject. Scattered through these critical "subchapters," as the author calls them, are some perceptive comments and analyses; thus, he has some interesting points to make about Berlioz's melody, and in discussing the *Symphonie Fantastique* he even goes so far as to allow that, in two of the movements, the *idée fixe* is plastered on to the music as an afterthought. This is a notable triumph of critical intelligence over mere enthusiasm. But the plan of the book makes it hard to find what is said of works which lie outside the chosen twelve; for example, the treatment of the exquisite and, after all, quite substantial song-cycle, *Les Nuits d'Eté*, is scattered through many chapters, and, when we have run the principal references to ground, they prove quite inadequate in a book of this scale. To make things more difficult, there is no full catalogue of Berlioz's works, only a brief list of published scores, beginning with his last opera, *Beatrice und (sic) Benedict*, and ending with the Eulenburg miniature score of his first symphony, the *Symphonie Fantastique*; in fact, a much less full and useful list than that furnished in Mr. J. H. Elliot's volume in the Master Musicians series. By the way, although Mr. Barzun strongly disapproves of Mr. Elliot, his book remains the best study available in English. W. J. Turner's volume was altogether too fierce and inflammatory, while T. S. Wotton, who had all the requisite qualities, compressed his knowledge into a disappointingly slim monograph and a volume of analysis in the Musical Pilgrim series.

One of the most surprising features in Mr. Barzun's 1,000-odd pages is the total absence of musical quotation. If the subject were Beethoven or Chopin, this would still be awkward; with Berlioz, whose works are often both unfamiliar and inaccessible, it is sometimes baffling. It took me a long while, for instance, to discover that the author's reference (Vol. I, pp. 336-7) to an "exact coincidence between Romeo's reverie and Tristan's motif for a similar situation" related to the opening bar of *Tristan* and the opening bar (miniature score, p. 54) of Romeo's reverie. But, having seen how slight a resemblance could be described as "exact coincidence," I was hardly surprised to learn that this same Romeo theme was "lifted" (the author's word) not only by Wagner, but by Gounod, Franck, Massenet, Mahler, Strauss, Tchaikovsky and Pizzetti.

Wagner is evidently a sore point with Mr. Barzun, as he was also with Turner. For these uncompromising hero-worshippers, everything valuable in Wagner is a crib from Berlioz. Hypnotised by small melodic resemblances, they fail to see that the whole process of Wagner's musical thought is fundamentally different from that of Berlioz. Irritated by the universal success of Wagner and the (certainly excessive) neglect of the operas of Berlioz, they ignore the fact that, musical considerations apart, *Tristan* and *Meistersinger* are watertight dramatic structures, while *Les Troyens* and *Béatrice et Bénédict* are loosely organised and inconsequent. Again, Mr. Barzun sees nothing queer in the structure of *Romeo*, that dramatic symphony with its voluble Friar Laurence, its silent lovers and its *two* movements devoted to Queen Mab. He defends the peculiar mixture of recitation and music in *Lélio* by pointing to "an impressive list of similar works," including Janacek's *Diary of One Who Vanished*—a song cycle in which not a word is spoken from beginning to end. Instead of applying his wide knowledge to an elucidation of Berlioz's creative peculiarities, he prefers to range through space and time on the look-out for stray references to his hero. A Queen's Hall programme book of 1903 contains an inaccuracy: fie! *Philharmonic Post*, the house organ of our L.P.O., uses a theme from the *Carnaval Romain* as part of its cover design; splendid! A book called *The Last Time I Saw Paris* gets the date of the *Requiem* wrong: "Mr. Paul's mistake is not culpable but it is symptomatic." A last letter from T. S. Wotton is dated on Berlioz's birthday: the coincidence impresses the author, as it would have impressed Mr. Peter Magnus. All this is touching; but such a mentality is too uncritical and too naive to capture the essence of that great but faulty genius.

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It used to associate him only with nonsense rhymes. But it has learnt to know him also as a painter; his water-colours now fetch as many guineas as they fetched shillings twenty years ago. Only a very small public, however, knows of his third talent—that he was an admirable writer of books of travel. With publication in mind, he kept detailed diaries of all his longer journeys. Three of these were published with success in his lifetime—on Albania (1851), Calabria (1852) and Corsica (1868), and it is from these three books that Mr. van Thal draws nine-tenths of his reprint. Two, if not three, other journals exist in manuscript; that on India is now happily about to be published; the others describe tours in Greece and a journey to Palestine and Syria. From this last, Mr. van Thal has rescued one short extract that appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1897—the *Journey to Petra*. It is a pity that he did not delve for more.

Lear called himself a landscape painter on the cover of each book, and it is his painter's eye which endows them with their prime quality, which is a capacity for conveying the light, colour and texture of the Mediterranean scene. Anyone who knows his rough sketches is familiar with his graphic annotations: "ashy-powdery-pigeony-purple," "shattery staircase" or (at Venice) "pigeons; too many pigeons, far too many pigeons." Such notes, swelled to whole sentences in the diaries, there reproduce landscape after landscape, sometimes paintable, sometimes (as in southern Corsica) "stretching seaward with an unpracticable length of line." He was a hardy and philosophic traveller. Realising that travel with introductions to pashas always ties one's hands, for it entails formalities and intolerable

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delays, he preferred to live hard and keep his liberty. He therefore put up with conditions which gave him plenty to write about besides the scenery. This includes the varied accommodation, and the society—imperturbable Turks, Albanians who shriek their word for devil when he puts their villages on to paper, Arabs who throw stones as soon as he starts to draw, and sophisticated Italians who are sure he is a spy. There are also the meals ("butter perfectly fabulous as to filthiness" or "another capital cheese") and, lastly, the oddities:

> No sooner after retiring to my pig-sty dormitory had I put out my candle than lo, broad rays of light illumined my detestable lodging from a large hole a foot in diameter; at the same time a whirring, humming sound followed by strange whizzings and mumblings began to pervade the apartment. I crawled to the smallest chink, and what did I see? My friend of the morning—the maniac dervish—performing the most wonderful evolutions and gyrations, spinning round and round for his own diversion, first on his legs and then pivotwise *sur son séant*, and indulging in numerous other pious gymnastic feats.

To old patrons of Lear, these are familiar quotations; the three Victorian journals can still be picked up without much difficulty on second-hand bookstalls. For them, the journey to Petra will be the cream of the book, and good cream at that. Lear, like Layard before him, travelled alone, and was therefore man-handled by the wild Arabs of the mountains beyond Sinai. It seems to have been wiser, in those days of insecurity, to visit Petra in a party of substantial man- and gun-power in order to intimidate robbers. Miss Harriet Martineau, thanks to her sizable escort, was able to ramble in places where Lear was monstrously molested.

In every way save two, Mr. van Thal has produced this book impeccably. It is a pleasant size and beautifully printed. Its dust-cover is a charming reproduction, *à la* Lear, of Gerace in Calabria. But need he have starved the book of illustrations? There are only four, and one of them, reproduced from a lithograph that is not by Lear, does sad injustice to his original drawing. It is easy to trace originals of most of the places named, including Petra, and most buyers would gladly have paid a few more shillings for some extra pictures. Secondly, when Mr. van Thal decided in no way to tamper with Lear's text, and—perhaps—not to overlap with Mr. Angus Davidson's excellent biography, he carried under-annotation to a fault. Why not have exerted himself a little further? It is vexing to come across initials that could be, but are not, filled out in a footnote. And most readers would have welcomed an introduction of two or three pages, instead of 15 lines, so as to learn something of the circumstances which planted Lear on the Mediterranean, of his prodigious output of sketches, and of his fortunes as the maker of a livelihood out of journeys which, as he says in one of his letters, were performed largely "for bread and cheese."

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"Shall I have any lasting reputation?" Hugh Walpole asked in his journal for 1935, and answered,

> There remains always the likelihood that some investigation in minor authors will some day rediscover me in a book, pamphlet, article, or the Porchester novels may survive a little. In this same way Gissing, Henry Kingsley, Hewlett to name a few at random, will always remain. This will be quite enough immortality for the boy who once wondered whether he would ever be published at all.

The random list of co-survivors is perhaps a trifle idiosyncratic. The last sentence disturbs somewhat by its self-consciously "disarming" presentation of the writer even in his private journal. The total judgment, nevertheless, is surprisingly objective. Walpole was at the height of his popularity when the entry was written, his sales had reached phenomenal figures, Hollywood was at that very moment paying for his mere presence in hundreds a week. Both money for what it could buy, and popularity for the fears it could assuage, were the props of his happiness, and he had to be happy to survive. Yet even at such a moment he was capable of so honest a self-judgment. Beneath all the embarrassing sentimentality, histrionic optimism, pathological desire to be loved and calendar-motto philosophising, it is this fundamental honesty which remains with one after reading Mr. Hart-Davis's fascinating life of his friend. For Walpole, writing was a function of existence; he wrote too much, too quickly, too uncritically. He lacked sense of form; he longed for praise too deeply to resolve his sense of the macabre and the evil with his genuine love of life and humanity, so that his large-scale romances lacked the humour or satire that might have alloyed their cloying sentimentality, and his horror stories remained too clinical. Nevertheless he had great gifts for narrative-construction, surprising flashes of psychological insight and a sense of atmosphere that compelled even critical readers to disregard his faults. When he rated himself in the third rank of novelists, he did so on a high scale of values which was much nearer to the truth than any on which his "highbrow" critics might have made the same judgment. He was so often a very bad writer, and so nearly on occasion a very good one—was, in the last resort the Prince of Middlebrows in the Golden Age of the Middlebrow Novel.

It is the peculiar merit of Mr. Hart-Davis's book that he presents his subject against a backcloth of this "Golden Age" so vividly painted that he is almost as successful in portraying the age as the man. If one criticises the all-embracing, unselective sweep of Walpole's own literary manner, one can only welcome it in his biographer's description of this strange society, at once edgy and cocksure, tradition-snobbish and money-vulgar. Externally the same old official social round of Walpole's youth, of his friendship with Henry James, the London successful literary world of his maturity so clamant in its English superiority, was in fact already deeply Americanised. The rush and publicity of Hellenic Tours and Book Societies, the publicised best-selling novelists and publicising Bishops, have already a frightened note of things to come, a nervous rush of pleasure to calm inner fears that bursts through their vaunted Eton and Harrow and Henley exterior. If sales are high, taxation looms large. If authors are feted on American lecture-tours, there is also a prophetic note of cap-in-hand desire to please. All this Mr. Hart-Davis gives us in a wonderful rush of anecdotes and personalities—Beaverbrook and Churchill, Kipling and Arnold Bennett, Hollywood Studios and Chicago Lecture Halls, Winnie Wagner and Hitler, Sybil Colefax and "Elizabeth." Space forbids the quotation of more than one of these fascinating episodes, but it is surely at once delightful, grotesque and symbolic. In 1935 Walpole went on a Hellenic cruise with a host of other celebrities and socialites. Sir Henry Lunn provided free passage for the notabilities on these cruises in return for their services in entertaining the other passengers with lectures. During the voyage the ship struck on a sandbank in the Gulf of Corinth, and

> at midday all the passengers were asked to proceed to the stern of the vessel and there to jump in unison . . . Professors, archæologists and society hostesses carried out these indecorous instructions to the best of their agility. Time and again, at a given signal, they jumped with all their weight, but the sand held them fast and they retired breathless to luncheon.

So rich a treasure-house of entertaining anecdote and understanding commentary as Mr. Hart-Davis's book can only suffer from further rifling, but the appearance of this first full biography of Walpole may seem a just moment to re-examine his work for some clue to the convenient but elusive cover-word "middlebrow."

The nature of the middlebrow is that of Mr. Facing-Both-Ways. The whole personal character of Hugh Walpole fitted him pre-eminently for the role. He had been badly bullied in his childhood and he wanted always to charm potential tormentors. His emotional needs were unorthodox, yet he could never have found satisfaction in any expression of them that might have provoked the slightest social disapproval. He adored every aspect of success, yet he was constantly aware of the ridicule or contempt it might bring. When he was knighted, in 1937, he wrote in his journal:

> This is a dangerous proceeding and there will be no doubt some mockery—"Just what he's always wanted," "The sort of writer they would make a Knight of!" . . . It won't matter in the least if I do decent work in the future, which I mean to. I must confess that since Scott I can't think of a good novelist who accepted a Knighthood—Kipling, Hardy, Galsworthy all refused. But I'm not in their class, and range with Doyle, Anthony Hope and such . . . Besides I shall like being a Knight.

He luxuriated in liking cricket and boxing, his friendship with Virginia Woolf was a source of constant intellectual pride, and if this diversity of interests was partly an expression of natural *joie de vivre*, it was also an ever self-conscious desire to be "in" with every set at school—the hearties and the aesthetes. It is difficult to see how such a man could have failed to be the successful middlebrow novelist.

Nevertheless a century, or even fifty years, earlier there was nothing in Hugh Walpole's make-up that need have prevented him from being simply a prolific novelist. The Victorian novel had known neither highbrow nor lowbrow, and if Dickens and Thackeray or Trollope appealed to a wide audience, they were never branded as their twentieth-century followers had to be with the compromise of "middlebrow." Hugh Walpole instinctively felt this and constantly hankered after the "great traditions" of the novel—after his heroes Scott and Trollope. But if he was right in believing that his forte lay in the "broad canvas," if he was justified in his faith that his best work had gone into the Herries series, he

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was also correct in his fears that he had not the powers to sustain their burden. Had he lived in 1860 he might probably have been, as he believed, only the peer of Henry Kingsley, but he might well have reached the class of Wilkie Collins or of Thackeray; at any rate he could not have been middlebrow. Mr. Noel Annan in his recent life of Sir Leslie Stephen has traced for us the momentous birth of Bloomsbury—the emergence of the novelists with a beautiful tightrope of æsthetic morality, of the novelists who were bred in a world of "hard thinking" and "personal language," of Forster and Mrs. Woolf—and after Bloomsbury's birth Walpole and his brother professional novelists were condemned to the middle road. But if Bloomsbury bulks big to us, perhaps more important was the emergence of novel readers with higher educational standards, higher cultural snob values; and, for them, Aldous Huxley, though he had none of Walpole's natural powers as a novelist, could deliver far more satisfactory cultural goods. Walpole worshipped Virginia Woolf, he loved also the great Continental novelists—Proust and Dostoievsky—who had shown twentieth-century England that the novel could contain ideas on literature and art; he tried so hard to incorporate them into the old mould. But he tried to do it without losing the common touch; and so emerged the most disturbing sentimentality of his work—the constant talk about books and pictures by "plain men." "But, my dear chap. It's a question of Form. You take my word a man's nothing without a sense of Form. Yes, of course, the French are the people," or "it's the simplest things that last. *Tess* is the thing, you know, and *Tono-Bungay*, and the *Nigger of the Narcissus*." Simple chaps talking on big things.

It is modish nowadays to praise Walpole for his "macabres," but if *Perrin* and *The Man with Red Hair*, *Maradick* or the highly clinical *Killer and the Slain* remain eminently readable, Walpole was right in believing that he could do more than this. The Herries, perhaps, for all their memorable scenes, sprawl away into vivid cinema, but the Porchester Novels—*The Cathedral*, *The Inquisitor*, and that strange, separate work *The Captives* may well be ranked higher than the novels of such fashionable Victorians as Wilkie Collins.

ANGUS WILSON

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## THE WORLD SURVEYED

**The Story of Maps.** By LLOYD A. BROWN. *Cresset Press*. 50s.

"What greater pleasure can there now be," wrote Robert Burton, "than to view those elaborate maps of Ortelius, Mercator, Hondius, &c.?" The growing literature which has since Burton's time served this simple and radical passion has not yet produced a general history of maps; and Mr. Brown has some justification for claiming that "this story has not been written before."

Maps of the past may be studied as social, diplomatic or military documents, as products of the technical processes of survey and reproduction, as graphic designs, as evidence of geographical enterprise and ideas and of the contemporary face of the earth. Faced with this complex counterpoint of themes, the historian must select his material with careful relevance to a well-defined objective. Mr. Brown rightly says that "in order to compile a one-volume survey history, it is necessary to confine the story to a straight and more or less narrow path"; but confusion of purpose is apparent both in the title and arrangement of his book. We might expect *The Story of Maps* to be chiefly concerned with what its author calls "the end products." In fact maps play second fiddle to many other topics, and Mr. Brown has sinned away his mercies by giving a disproportionate amount of space to the periphery of his subject. Appreciating that, like other useful arts, mapmaking needs to be studied in its social context, he has nevertheless allowed the intellectual, technical and social processes which directed the mapmaker's hand to usurp far too many pages of his text. The first three chapters, on Greek geography, devote only one page in two to maps; the fourth, on the Middle Ages, only one page in six; and one-fifth of the book is occupied by a history of the determination of latitude and longitude, problems which more properly belong to the history of geodesy or navigation.

This weakness runs deeper than the planning of the text. Mr. Brown, as a map curator and lecturer in cartography at American universities, must have had enviable opportunities of looking at early maps; but this direct experience is too seldom evident in his text, which is compiled in the main from secondary sources. A useful history of mapmaking could be put together by this method, but its success would depend on the width of its author's reading and on his discretion in selection and arrangement. To neither of these tests does the book under review stand up well. We can find few indications that the important literature in German, Dutch and Italian has been used, and reference to books in his own bibliographies would have rescued Mr. Brown from some conspicuous errors. The assertion that "it is impossible to classify medieval maps in a sensible way" (p. 94) disregards the work of Konrad Miller, M. C. Andrews and R. Uhden. The early printed editions of Ptolemy find Mr. Brown at odds both with the facts and with himself (pp. 153-5): the first edition with maps, that of Bologna 1477, is twice misdated 1472, Berlinghieri's Italian version of 1482 is misdated c. 1478, yet Berlinghieri's maps are stated to be "the first ones printed from copper plates." In 1564, when Mercator engraved his map of the British Isles "drawn by his friend William Camden" (p. 160), Camden was but 13 years old. The charts of *The Mariners Mirrour* (1588) are not "among the first copper plates done in England," and the Yorkshire engraver who signed his plates "Augustinus Ryther Anglus" would not be pleased to find himself classed among "foreign mercenaries" (p. 145). It is not true that none of Blaeu's charts is "laid down on a Mercator projection" (p. 171). The official survey department of France is not "now the Service Géographique de l'Armée" (p. 336), but since 1940 the Institut Géographique National.

The mistakes in statement or proofreading of which these are samples are less significant than the author's errors in historical perspective. His account of the map trade in the sixteenth century is especially misleading. The reintroduction of line-engraving for the reproduction of maps about 1550 was the work of Italian craftsmen, and it gave the mapsellers of Venice and Rome a lead in the European trade which they retained for over two decades. Only after the publication of Ortelius's *Theatrum*, the first modern atlas, in 1570 did the engravers of the Netherlands challenge the Italian ascendancy. Mr. Brown (p. 158) notes the supersession of the woodcut by the line-engraved map, without relating this event to its technical and commercial causes, and he adds that it "automatically centered the mapmaking and map-publishing business in the Netherlands." Eight pages later, after an account of Mercator and Ortelius, we are told that "about 1575 an Italian collection of maps entered the publishing field, but it was in no sense a competitor to the Dutch and Flemish atlases." This inverts the historical sequence; and even in the one paragraph on Italian maps (p. 166) no mention is made of Venice, the centre of a much more prolific map industry than Rome. The most effective, because the best documented, chapters in the book are the last two, entitled "Survey of a country" and "Survey of a world," although here too the emphasis is on the cartographer's processes rather than his products.

Mr. Brown writes with zest and is very readable, although his jaunty manner sometimes reminds us of the grown-ups who conscientiously talked down to us when we were younger. His handsomely produced book, plainly the child of enthusiasm, contains a variety of information, discursively presented, and some useful bibliographies. But as a history of maps it does not rise to the need or the opportunity.

R. A. SKELTON

## DETECTION

**Night at the Mocking Widow.** By CARTER DICKSON. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.
**Death of Miss X.** By MARY MCMULLEN. *Collins*. 9s. 6d.
**Hardly a Man is Now Alive.** By HERBERT BREAN. *Heinemann*. 10s. 6d.
**Two Clues.** By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Cassell*. 9s. 6d.
**The Double Shuffle.** By JAMES HADLEY CHASE. *Hale*. 10s. 6d.
**The Polkadot Murder.** By FRANCES CRANE. *Hammond*. 9s. 6d.

The farcical antics of Sir Henry Merrivale in *Night at the Mocking Widow* almost obliterate the detection. The nervous tension in a quiet Somerset village, created by anonymous missives from a poison typewriter, dissolves into fits of merriment when H. M. trundles upon the scene with his slapstick accoutrements. During a pause in the laughter the author entertains us with two more of his favourites—witchcraft and a locked-room mystery. On this occasion he manages to introduce a witch into a locked room by what can only be called a feat of prestidigitation. (You will understand the literal accuracy of this statement better when the method is divulged.) The appeal of the book depends on the reader sharing in Carter Dickson's tearing high spirits, which are not of necessity infectious.

*Death of Miss X* is more certain to please. The setting is a New York advertising agency, where the naked body of an unknown woman is found littering the conference room one morning, neatly strangled with a necktie. By the time the body is identified and the murderer brought to book we have shared some harrowing experiences with the heroine and dipped deep in the office intrigue which seems to be an essential preliminary to the appearance of glossy advertisements. Miss McMullen is a new writer with a fluent style, a sharp eye for character and a nice choice in

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*Oxford University Press*

suspects, but she ought to steel herself against too much feminine indulgence. Plots that depend for their fulfilment on the silliness of heroines are best left to Mrs. Eberhart.

In *Hardly a Man is Now Alive*, Reynold Frame, the young man who first asserted his detective talents in *Wilders Walk Away*, resumes historical research. But what has the death of a British officer at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1775 to do with a body at the bottom of a well there nearly two centuries later? What indeed? Except tha Mr. Brean is lavish with solutions for any old problem that crops up. The reader need only be concerned with the body in the well—and not much concerned at that, for there is little originality about the crime. The prose, on the other hand, is startling. How do you like "slumberous physicality" to describe a plump young girl?

After Perry Mason and the D.A. comes a new Gardner sleuth, Bill Eldon, the hick Sheriff, who solves his cases by a wealth of rustic information and homespun common sense. Erle Stanley Gardner has always relied for success on setting a cracking pace. No one can keep up with him, as the plots fly past; and we are too breathless at the finish to inquire by what route we are supposed to have arrived. By these methods he not only gallops the reader off his feet, but he has Galluped even Sherlock Holmes into second place in the latest popularity poll in U.S.A. *Two Clues* consists of two separate stories. In the first, a blonde is found stabbed in a ploughed field with not a footstep near her but her own: in the second, a horse, sharing its loose box with a dead woman, refuses to munch its hay. From these data Sheriff Eldon draws some logical inferences which may surprise you; but even if they don't you will have enjoyed matching your wits against the most readable detection-writer in the world.

Whenever identical twins figure in a detective story, every hackle rises in apprehension. And when one of them is in full view, kissing cobras in a night club and insuring her life for a million dollars, while the other is lying doggo on an island, the wise reader suspends all belief in anyone's identity. So does the insurance investigator in *The Double Shuffle*; but for all our joint wariness the twins almost defeat us. James Hadley Chase, better known for his tough thrillers, shows himself a master of the art of deception too, when he pleases. There are bound to be flaws in such an outrageous scheme, but it would be inconsiderate to stress them when the rest of the sleight of hand is so effective. The trickery is on too dignified a plane for sex and sadism to obtrude; and *No Orchids* lovers had better turn their attention elsewhere.

In *The Polkadot Murder*, Pat Abbott supposedly sorts out a murder and kidnapping in the cactus and sage brush country of New Mexico, where artists have matrimonial trouble just the same as elsewhere. Miss Crane writes with great splashes of local colour and scant respect for the rules. A lunatic at large is not really permissible; nor should the criminal be convicted without evidence. The nearest approach to a clue turns out to be a room with a view—I hope the reader will appreciate the psychological touch. The polkadot itself is just a Dalmatian dog, who has no business in the story except to provide a fancy title.

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## THE ABBEY

**Ireland's Abbey Theatre**: A History, 1899-1951. By LENNOX ROBINSON. *Sidgwick & Jackson*. 30s.

On the night of the 17th July 1951, after a performance of *The Plough and the Stars*, the Abbey Theatre went up in flames, reducing all to a state of chassis. It was the first spark that had warmed those boards for many a long day, said the Dublin wits. That is not the view of Mr. Lennox Robinson, associated with the Abbey for over forty years as manager, producer, and playwright, and now its official historian. He has a proud story to tell and he tells it well. Who would not envy a theatre that can claim Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, O'Casey and Mr. Robinson as its writers: Maire O'Neill, Sara Allgood, the Fays, Sinclair, O'Donovan, and McCormick as the actors it has produced? Their portraits (saved from the fire) were all there in the foyer, and as an appendix Mr. Robinson reprints the scarce pamphlet in which he so charmingly told the story of the theatre in terms of its portrait-gallery. He gives too a full list of Abbey plays with dates of first production and original casts—an invaluable reference guide. It is another merit of the book that it does critical justice to Lady Gregory's plays. That dominating and not always sympathetic character has, as a writer, been overshadowed by greater names in this theatre. Yet how telling she could be. To see *The Rising of the Moon* as a curtain-raiser was to realise that it would be a good play indeed in the second half of the bill that was going to stand up to this small masterpiece.

What gave the Abbey its peculiar strength and unique atmosphere? Partly the building itself, in its dignified simplicity so unlike the usual self-conscious art theatre. Partly the quality of the interval music; Larchet, who directed the small orchestra, was an artist. Above all, verse spoken with that sensitive feeling for word and phrase which is an Irish gift; and, at its best, fine acting in which the players were content to submit strong and varied personalities to the unity of the whole. The ensemble of Allgood, O'Neill, Sinclair and McCormick in *Juno and the Paycock* is a theatre experience never to be forgotten.

Neither the plays nor the playing were always of this standard. The humours of the farm kitchen favoured by the Cork realists became a formula too easily repeated by lesser men. Nor in later days was the appearance of the play in Gaelic (which became regular when the theatre accepted a state subsidy) an unmixed blessing, or without its comic aspects. Even Christmas panto submitted to the national speech I remember arriving late. The scene was heroic, the tongue unknown, but the tune familiar—"Begin the Beguine," (characteristically hitting Dublin a little late) transposed from the palms and sultry south to all the Celtic panoply of Tara's ancient halls.

This history marks the end of a chapter. The Abbey has gone through hard times, but it has always loved a fight. It fought its battle with the Church over *The Countess Cathleen*, with the public over *The Playboy*, and with the censor over *Blanco Posnet*, and won them all. It has lost great players to theatres which could pay them as they deserved, but others have arisen to take their place. Now it has lost its home. When this phœnix arises from the ashes as a new State Theatre it will have gained much—and not least a stage of proper depth and a gallery with no blind seats. What it must never lose is that fighting spirit and the old experimental touch.

JOHN BRYSON

## SOME REPRINTS

The following have been added to the standard libraries: to The Arden Shakespeare (Methuen, 15s.) *Love's Labour Lost*—H. C. Hart's 1906 edition, entirely revised, with a new introduction by Richard David; to the Phaidon Pocket Series *Memoirs of the Life of John Constable* (12s. 6d.) and *The Journal of Eugène Delacroix* (21s.); to the Chiltern Library (Lehmann), two more volumes of the works of Henry James, *The Bostonians* (12s. 6d.) and *The Europeans* (10s. 6d.); to the New Phœnix Library (Chatto & Windus), *The Grasshoppers Come* and *A Rabbit in the Air* (one volume, 6s.) by David Garnett, and V. Sackville-West's *The Edwardians* (7s. 6d.). The Carfax Edition of Joyce Cary (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) now includes *Aissa Saved* and *A Fearful Joy*; and the Severn Edition of Francis Brett Young, *Portrait of a Village* (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.). To the Home University Library (Oxford, 6s.) has been added *Shelley, Godwin and their Circle* by H. N. Brailsford; to the University Tutorial Press (University of London, 2s. 6d.), *The Village*, by George Crabbe. *The Mill on the Floss* by George Eliot (12s. 6d.) is a new addition to the Zodiac Press series of famous novels. To the Chatto & Windus cheap (8s. 6d.) edition of the novels of William Faulkner the two latest additions are *The Wild Palms* and *Sanctuary*. I. Compton-Burnett's *Pastors and Masters* has now been reissued for the first time since its appearance in 1925 (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.). A. E. Coppard's *Fearful Pleasures* (Peter Nevill, 11s. 6d.) includes stories of the fantastic and the supernatural. *Siamese White* by Maurice Collis (Faber, 15s.) is now again in print.

The new edition of Winston Churchill's *Lord Randolph Churchill* (Odhams, 21s.) includes previously unpublished correspondence and a new preface. The sixth edition of *Europe in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries* (1789-1950) by A. J. Grant and Harold Temperley (Longmans, 25s.) has been revised and edited by Professor Lillian M. Penson. Stuart Gilbert's admirable study of *James Joyce's Ulysses* is now reissued, with revisions, by Fabers at 30s. Sir Charles Sherrington's *Man on his Nature*, now reissued in a second, revised edition (Cambridge, 30s.), represents the late author's carefully considered final views on the philosophical and biological material that he surveyed. A fourth edition of *The Open Society and its Enemies* by K. R. Popper (Routledge, 42s.), first published in 1945, contains considerable additions and revisions. Professor A. A. Roback's *The Psychology of Character*, appears in a third, revised and enlarged edition (Routledge, 42s.) with some new chapters, which enlarge particularly on the new developments of psychoanalysis and its off-shoots. *The Complete Book of Ballets* by Cyril W. Beaumont (Putnam, 42s.), first published in 1937, has been revised and brought up to date.

Other notable reprints are Van Gogh's *Letters to an Artist* (Constable, 20s.); *Beckford*, by Guy Chapman (Hart-Davis, 18s.); *The Romantic Nineties*, by Richard Le Gallienne (Putnam, 15s.); *James Boswell* by D. B. Wyndham Lewis (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 16s.), first published in 1946 as *The Hooded Hawk*; E. V. Lucas's *Wanderer in Paris* (Methuen, 15s.); and John Macmurray's *Interpreting the Universe* (Faber, 8s. 6d.).

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# WILKIE COLLINS

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# Books in General

THERE has never been an entirely satisfactory life of Mrs. Gaskell. For this, she herself is largely, and quite innocently, responsible. The violent attacks launched on her after the publication of her *Life of Charlotte Brontë* poisoned her happiness and even damaged her health. They broke her nerve as a writer, and gave her a disgust for biography which was loyally sustained after her death by her two unmarried daughters, to the discouragement of all subsequent biographers. Clement Shorter, her closest and most jealous follower in the Brontë field, spent much time and effort in collecting material for a life, but the project, owing to their hostility, had to be abandoned. Others, attracted equally by her fascination and her achievements, have contented themselves with the brief life which is little more than a monograph, or else, like Mrs. Chadwick and Miss Elizabeth Haldane, have wandered discursively to and fro before some special aspect. As a full and rounded subject for biography Mrs. Gaskell has eluded them all.

Yet there is ample material. Manchester, Leeds and Knutsford possess magnificent collections of her letters; there are many others in English and American libraries, in the archives of John Murray in Albemarle Street, and in private hands. The details of her life are readily available, and there is now no family obstruction, since the last of the daughters died in 1920. Why, then, has it remained for one of those infinitely painstaking and scrupulous Americans, eighty-seven years after her death, to give us the first full-length biography?* The answer seems to be (and Miss Hopkins's in many ways admirable book supports the supposition) that Mrs. Gaskell is a peculiarly difficult subject. She is like a gentle landscape of orchards and fields, charming, reassuring, undramatic; soothing rather than exciting, she offers the psycho-analyst the minimum of scope. She is like, indeed, one of those good and charming friends whom one sincerely loves and rarely discusses, simply because they *are* so admirable and good. If she had hated Mr. Gaskell, now, or been cruel to her children, or committed romantic adultery with Charles Eliot Norton! *Then* we should have had a dozen biographies already, and a play at Hammersmith of which the film rights would have been sold though never made use of; and Miss Hopkins would never have had her quiet chance. As it is, she has taken it with great thoroughness and patience, loving Mrs. Gaskell as all good biographers must love their subjects, willing to put up with what Mrs. Carlyle was pleased to call her "air of moral dullness," and prepared with that minute American gravity which sometimes produces unexpectedly funny fruit, to explore every aspect of Mrs. Gaskell's life and fame, even to the influence of *Cranford* on Japanese students. Mrs. Gaskell is, in fact, so thoroughly and painstakingly dealt with that there really seems to be no room for anything further; and if, after waiting eighty-seven years, she has not quite found the ideal biographer, neither is Mrs. Gaskell, for all her beauty, charm and achievement, a perfect subject.

Where there is no conflict, no dilemma, there is generally (as the Victorian novelists were well aware) no great interest. Mrs. Gaskell's life was smooth, her personality one of singular serenity, her marriage happy, her children affectionate, her literary success in her own lifetime sufficient and satisfying. For us, indeed, she has the fascination of an almost extinct species—the woman prolifically successful both as a writer and as a wife, all apparently without effort. At first glance it seems as though the loss of her only son in infancy, and the shrill attacks which were made on two of her books, were the only griefs and stresses this happy woman ever knew. Miss Hopkins, however, makes it clear that Mrs. Gaskell's success as a writer was achieved only through phenomenal concentration, and at a cost of such strain and exhaustion that she wore herself out and died of heart fatigue at fifty-five. Her friend Susannah Winkworth originated the legend that her novels were written in odd moments on the corner of the dining-room table, and that she "never took up her pen until all household problems were settled." This was not strictly true. A poor sleeper, Mrs. Gaskell was in the habit of waking early, and writing for a couple of hours in her bedroom before the family was awake. She also made a point of getting away from home for weeks at a time when she was at work on a book, and in the privacy of the Nightingales' old nursery at Lea Hurst, or at her beloved Silverdale in Lancashire, or Mme Mohl's house in Paris, working without the usual harassing distractions. These, at all other times, were bad enough. In spite of servants, whom even a Unitarian minister's wife took for granted, the dreadful minute to minute *accessibility* of the housewife was as much her enemy then as it would be now. "If I had a library like yours," she wrote to Charles Norton in 1857,

> "all undisturbed for hours, how I could write . . . . But you see everybody comes to me perpetually. Now in this hour since breakfast I have had to decide on the following variety of important questions. Boiled beef—how long to boil? What perennials will do in Manchester smoke . . . Length of skirt for a gown? Salary of a nursery governess . . . Read letters on the state of the Indian army, lent me by a very agreeable neighbour, and return them with a proper note, and as many wise remarks as would come in a hurry. Settle 20 questions of dress for the girls, who are going out for the day; and want to look nice and yet not spoil their gowns with the mud. . . . See a lady about a ms. story of hers, and give her heartening but very good advice. Arrange about selling two poor cows for one good one. See purchasers, and show myself up to cattle questions, keep, and prices—and it's not half-past ten yet!"

("We fairly shudder," comments Miss Hopkins, fearful lest we should miss the point that these are not ideal conditions for creation, "to read of such encroachments on her writing time.")

Mr. Gaskell, of course, was properly protected from all this, writing his sermons and letters and treatises on the Lancashire dialect in the blissful Victorian sanctuary of the study, "out of which room by his own free will he would never stir." He strikes us as a little cold and remote; deliberately detached from the bustle of family life; friendly, but preferring to pass his working days and even his holidays alone. While his wife and daughters gaily packed their trunks for Paris or Rome, he went instead on serious walking tours, or joined the dull house-parties given by Beatrix Potter's rich and stuffy parents in the Lakes. Yet he had charm, was undeniably a handsome man, and enjoyed a deserved Manchester celebrity as an intellectual. Evidently it was one of those marriages which settle down after a time into affectionate friendship, untroubled by too great possessiveness on either side. That such a relationship left much of Mrs. Gaskell's nature untouched is suggested by her long and fascinating correspondence with Charles Eliot Norton, the young American whom she met in Rome during the joyous holiday she gave herself after working for eighteen months on the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. Miss Hopkins is quite right to insist that there is nothing to interest "sensation-seekers" in this friendship, yet I believe she falls short in her interpretation. "It was love," she says, "but there was no passion in it. The feeling generated was that which exists between mother and son where there is complete congeniality and understanding (in 1857 she was forty-six and he was thirty)." This may be true, but there are many shades of feeling conceivable between a famous and still beautiful middle-aged woman and an emotional young man, and it is possible to receive the impression from the letters (though not from Miss Hopkins) that what they enjoyed was not so much a mother-son relationship as a mutually fascinating and stimulating Platonic love affair. Precisely what one would wish, in fact, for Mrs. Gaskell at this point; an experience which Norton realised he was extremely fortunate to share.

In a life outwardly so successful and serene, lived in a period which we have come to think of as stodgy with ease and security, it is startling to be shown the strains and anxieties of overwork from which Mrs. Gaskell suffered. Modest in their circumstances at first, the Gaskells gradually became comfortably prosperous, enjoying the luxury of frequent holidays abroad, and a round of ceaseless and generous entertaining which to many people, for many years, was the one bright spot in dirty and hideous Manchester. The money for all this was very largely earned by Mrs. Gaskell, for though her husband had some private means as well as his stipend as a minister, he had nothing like enough for such expenditure. Nor was the combination of strenuous professional with strenuous domestic life the only strain; Mrs. Gaskell took her duties as a minister's wife with great seriousness, working sometimes to the point of breakdown among the dirty and starving Manchester poor, whom Miss Hopkins, with her American delicacy, calls "the underprivileged." It is extraordinary to compare Thompson's miniature or Dunbar's bust of Elizabeth Stevenson (as she then was) at twenty-one, or even Meta Gaskell's charming water-colour of her mother in middle-age, with Samuel Lawrence's drawing of 1864, in which, as Miss Hopkins points out, though she is only fifty-four she looks like a woman of seventy. It is in its revela-

* *Elizabeth Gaskell: Her Life and Work.* By A. B. HOPKINS. *Lehmann.* 21s. *North and South.* By MRS. GASKELL. *Lehmann.* 10s 6d.

tion of this background of hard work and strain, behind all the vivacity, the charm and the success, that Miss Hopkins's biography is most valuable. It is a book in which every detail has been faithfully considered, and precious few left out; and its interpretations sometimes betray a solemn innocence with the dew of the New World still upon it.

Those who met Mrs. Gaskell in the hey-day of her fame, testify, even then, to the unusual simplicity of her costumes. But they were always made of the best material; it was a mark of her fundamental integrity.

It could, in fact, have been done with more distinction; certainly with more style; but hardly with greater thoroughness or affection. And that is something.

Mrs. Gaskell enjoyed all the rewards of popular fame in her own time, when, apart from her non-serialised novels, she was one of Dickens's most successful contributors to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*: now she is once again on a mild but rising swell of popularity. *Cranford* and the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* have never faltered since the day they were published; the novels, after a generation's eclipse, are being read again, and once more admired. This revival has been due in no small degree to Mr. John Lehmann, who has already, besides *Cranford*, and the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, published *Mary Barton*, *Cousin Phillis* and *Wives and Daughters* in his attractive Chiltern Library. He now accompanies Miss Hopkins's biography with a new edition of *North and South*, admirably introduced by Elizabeth Bowen.

MARGARET LANE

## TWO POEMS

THE CANDLE

Day on to day
Life wastes and wanes,
Like a candle
Burning its wax away,
Till nought but charred wick
Remains.

Well, content would I be,
With a flame as still,
Some glint to have given
Whereby one who can see
Might work his inscrutable
Will:

If, perchance, long eternities
Hence, that strange mind
Might in trance
Of far-brooding memory turn,
To light me one instant—else
Blind.

THE DISGUISE

Dream-haunted face,
Still lips, and dark clear eyes,
So natural and sweet,
Few may perceive how wise:
What wonder, then, if Love,
In greeting of such grace,
"An angel!" cries?
An angel, yes!
And yet,
How heavenly earth's disguise!

WALTER DE LA MARE

## CHARTIST OR MARXIST?

**Ernest Jones: Chartist.** By JOHN SAVILLE. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 25s.

The day before Ernest Jones was buried in Manchester, Engels wrote to Marx: "The fellow is really a loss . . . he was the only *educated* Englishman among the politicians who was, at bottom, entirely on our side." Both the tribute and the qualification are revealing. Though Jones was, in a sense, the first English Marxist, there were times when Marx and Engels lost patience with their pupil and collaborator. He was, Marx said on hearing of his death, "one of the few old friends," and the references to him in the letters of Marx and Engels show how closely all three had worked together on occasion. The rows came over tactics, especially those that raised matters of principle. "I have broken with Jones," Marx wrote in 1859; "although I had predicted to him exactly what has happened—namely, that he would ruin himself and disorganise the Chartist Party—he involved himself in attempts to come to an agreement with the bourgeois radicals."

But the middle-class liberalism to which Jones moved in the last years of his life was neither characteristic nor important. For most of his active political life—the twenty years after 1846—he was a man of the extreme Left; a physical force Chartist, imprisoned as a key leader; then a declared Socialist and a passionate internationalist; then the most determined champion of independent working-class action without compromising alliances with moderate reformers. He had joined the Chartist movement only a year or two before the fiasco of April, 1848, in which Chartism virtually collapsed. The sectarian agitation was kept alive thereafter only by strenuous and heart-breaking efforts by Jones and others: they had lost touch with the skilled workers who were turning more and more to the new model unions and consumers' co-operation. It says a great deal for Jones that he persevered with his little journals, his meetings and his new "movements" which were scarcely more than new facades for the same stage-army. What Marx called his "egotism" does not detract from his integrity. He was, after all, a poet and an aristocrat who preferred poverty and principle to an income of £2,000 a year offered on condition he gave up his Chartist activities.

For Jones was always nominally a Chartist, though in the years after 1848 his social theories went far beyond the limited demands of the Charter. There is more than an echo of the *Communist Manifesto* in the speeches and articles Mr. Saville here reprints for the first time. Apart from his advocacy of electoral reform, the abolition of capital punishment and reform of the Army—all of them stock items of the contemporary radical—he had an insight into the nature of imperialism and an appreciation of the class character of a capitalist society which mark him off from almost all his English contemporaries. His tragedy was that he was too late to count for much as a Chartist and too early to have much influence as a Socialist. That, perhaps, may explain why to-day Jones is almost forgotten. Before Mr. Saville wrote his admirable introduction to this collection, there was no detailed biography to which one could turn. Jones was buried among the footnotes to other books.

This volume, therefore, is especially welcome, though Mr. Saville's industry and scholarship make me wish that it had been possible for him to devote more than eighty pages to his biography of Jones. But I presume that he decided that it was more important to let Jones speak for himself through the re-publication of his articles and speeches. Unlike many collections of this kind, these documents have both coherence and a vitality which makes them readable for their own sake and not merely for their importance as sources. They are, moreover, well arranged, edited and annotated. The value of Mr. Saville's book makes it all the more unfortunate that present publishing costs have driven its price beyond the reach of so many who will wish to read it. Books such as this were once put into mass circulation by the Left Book Club: our only resort to-day is the public library.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

## VICTORIAN PARABOLA

**The Victorian Temper.** By JEROME HAMILTON BUCKLEY. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

The substance of this book is rather hard to define. Indeed at first one has to take it piecemeal; the trail seems lost in the proliferation of minute particulars. This is no rare effect; it is produced by the American device of Thorough. And for the casual reader it is undeniably a Bad Thing. Some books of criticism can be "swallowed" with delight and ease, but where the policy is Thorough the attempt is vain. Usually tasting is defeated likewise—but in this case not. For Mr. Buckley has a sense of humour, though he keeps it well down, and scanning him for bits and pieces is a good amusement. The mistake would be to leave him at that. For on a closer view, his plan turns out to be distinct and full of interest, wholly digestible. But still it is not easily conveyed. One might define it as a chart of culture: in his own words, "neither an intellectual history of Victorian England nor an ordered survey of Victorian letters," but an account of social and creative trends, and "in particular a study of the 'moral æsthetic,' its rise and decline."

If the Victorian age, says Mr. Buckley, was an age of anything—which, from the muddled fury of its denigrators, one could hardly tell—it was an age of instability and conflict. Smugness is little but a parrot-cry. The great Victorians were far from smug; perhaps they were not smug enough. Too much was happening too fast; social diseases were too glaring; all the foundations of belief had shifted. They were at odds with an expanding universe—but they exulted in it at the same time. For after all, its opportunities were boundless and its discords might be got over. And so we have the high Victorian pursuit of synthesis, of integration at a new level:

> That mind and soul according well
> May make one music as before.

Of this the "moral æsthetic" was a leading feature. And yet, though hope survived and energy abounded, something had gone for good. There could be no rebirth of spontaneity, and no release from that pervading self-consciousness "which is at once the strange disease of modern life and the genesis of analytic science."

In short, they were not smug enough.

But they were valiant and titanic Seekers. They had the will to integrate; and they had social conscience, more than was good for them. They felt great poetry should be democratic; they felt it should reflect the age; they felt (in Kingsley's words) that "the ideal is neither to be invented nor abstracted, but found and left where God has put it, and where alone it can be represented, in actual and living phenomena." Unluckily, as poets they also felt that the required phenomena were ugly and mean. They had as strong a sense of the illiberal and dismal in their own surroundings as any later critic could desire. Yet it was Life; it ought to be the stuff of art. This they sincerely held as persons; and Tennyson, subduing his late-romantic instincts to his social consciousness, rightly became their laureate. He is indeed the typical Victorian, and here he gets a special chapter. Yet on the whole, his forays into modern life were better meant than judged. I think that Mr. Buckley is too kind to them—though faults of sympathy are always on the right side. Nevertheless, *The Princess* is a silly poem; and it is really no defence to say the age was quite as muddled about feminism as the author was. Nor can I feel that he "elaborated" *Enoch Arden* from a love of truths. Surely, he meant to "dignify the theme"—because it seemed to need it.

And on those terms, poetic synthesis had not a dog's chance. The great "anti-romantic" poem was never born. The school produced one genius

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of its own, one democratic writer, whom the vulgar actual really inspired—and that was Dickens. One can't quite say that he reflects the age, for he was too naive; he had no intellectual worries. But the supremacy of his creative vision marks a new era. The old "objective" forms, the epic and poetic tragedy, were breathing their last, and soon the novel would be paramount.

And yet the high Victorians were right in their demand for synthesis; they were quite right to struggle and aspire. Because we see what happened when they gave it up. From that point on, the chart reveals a melancholy progress, always downhill. First went the drive for knowledge and the social mission. Rossetti and the Fleshly School were in retreat from their age—but not yet from the moral æsthetic or the "truths of life." To those they held as stubbornly as Ruskin; and when Rossetti saw himself confounded with the Aesthetes, he was much annoyed. Pure form he looked upon as twaddle. Yet it was bound to come; for as the universe went on expanding, the creative genius lost heart. Nothing could be as it had been before—and so the poets gave up the struggle and began to specialise, like everyone else. Ruskin succumbed to Oscar Wilde and his disciples, with their Art for Art:

> At odds for ever with Victorian "manliness," the Decadent hero might well like Dorian bury "his rebellious curls" in the perfume of "great cool lilac-blossoms"; for he could never, on principle, face the social realities of his time.

That was the lowest depth. The Decadents had no repugnance to being thought a joke; their bosom-secret was sterility. Creation yielded to "æstheticising" over "art objects." The slippery and hopeless cult of amorality became a quest for "strange sins." And worst of all, the anti-Philistine, that exquisite evader of the mean and low, achieved an unapproachable vulgarity. Dorian's "chiselled lips" and Oscar's squalid little secrets were a perfect match.

Of course, the main lines in this chart of culture are the most obvious; so I have done it infinitely less than justice. I should have liked to bring in the Spasmodic poets, and the æsthetic theories of Dallas, and a great deal more. But Mr. Buckley does not lend himself to treatment. He suggests too much.

K. JOHN

*Out on Wednesday*

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**The Trouble at Number Seven.** By GERALD BULLETT. *Michael Joseph.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Signor Moravia is the most autonomous of contemporary novelists. His work has a purity, a singleness of purpose, that ensures an immense "rest and refreshment" to the common reader. Here is a writer who is in objective control of his characters and situations, who is never tempted to let them become mere channels of salvation or receptacles for the tears of lost innocence. Though so much of Moravia's work deals with violence of one sort or another—sexual, political or social—he continues to see life steadily and whole. He carries no spiritual chip on his shoulder and, though he is as conscious of the accepted hells beneath as Greene or Mauriac, his work is without that "shriek plus" note that mars books like *La Pharisienne* or *The End of the Affair* and prevents them, for all their great qualities, from being entirely satisfactory criticisms of life. Reading Moravia, one has the feeling that he is never startled nor surprised by the horrors of the world he describes. Nor is this proof of cynicism or insensitivity since of all living novelists he most gives us the sense that men and women are valuable to him in themselves. This is an impression that too few modern writers make. Most of them are only too inclined to treat the physical universe (not to speak of the human beings in it) with an off-hand air that implies it is only important as a ground of force for spiritual achievement. Moravia is concerned with life in the round. His tenderness for his characters extends to their landscape, to their trees, birds and furniture. His books have the breadth, the *informed* charity that is the common note of the best Italian creative work since the war. For these reasons, *The Conformist* will come as a disappointment to his admirers. Signor Moravia has, we perceive, his own set of temptations and they are no less grave for being not extraneous but implicit in his work itself.

Marcello Clerici is a Fascist police spy whose elixir of life is normality. Ever since childhood, he has been haunted by his own sadistic feminine personality. As a small boy he destroys cats and lizards. At thirteen, he shoots a man who has attempted to seduce him. Clerici grows up under the shadow of Mussolini, determined to wipe out his past. He believes he can best do so not by remorse but by consciously merging himself into the mass of ordinary men and women. Every step in his life—his job in the Civil Service, his espionage work for the Ministry, his marriage to the bouncing, passionate Guilia—is taken with the idea of making himself as like every other stereotyped upper middle-class young Italian as possible. Only when this sustained act of identification is on the point of succeeding, does he realise that he has given up everything that makes life worth while.

It is here, three-quarters of the way through, that *The Conformist* breaks down. Having laid bare the agony of Clerici's predicament, having vividly described his childhood, his engagement to Guilia and the rest, Moravia suddenly decides on a *volte face* which entirely upsets the logic and pattern of his novel. Clerici's honeymoon trip to Paris is intended as a screen for his liquidation of the anti-Fascist leader Quadri. It is his job to betray Quadri to his assassins. He does so, but he also falls violently in love with his victim's Lesbian wife, Lina. The book ends catastrophically but without the essential catharsis. Instead of being purged with pity and terror, the reader is left simply baffled and bewildered by the way in which Moravia has wilfully blown his book to smithereens for the sake of an artificial piece of story-telling.

Even so, *The Conformist* remains one of the most exciting novels I have read for many months. Of all novelists now practising their craft, Signor Moravia is the one who most gives his readers the feeling that nothing human is alien to him. The brothel, the living-room, the confessional hold no secrets for him. Beneath the smooth, monochrome flatness of his style (so ably rendered in Mr. Angus Davidson's translation) there lies an intuitive understanding of human life in almost all its aspects.

*Barabbas*, by this year's Nobel prizeman for literature, carries enthusiastic recommendations from Dean Inge, Father Martindale and Christopher Fry. It also contains a prefatory letter from Gide. The Old Artist-Man's praise, though not faint, is dodgy. In fact, this book turns out to be far better than the conventional trumpetings on the cover would indicate. It is a short, moving tale, written in a deceptively simple style, about the man in whose place Jesus was crucified. Barabbas's flight from the strong feet of the strange new god is told with an ambiguous and ironic piety that is immensely effective. At the end it is uncertain whether he has cried *Vicisti Galilæe!* or not, just as it is uncertain whether what he saw was proof of the Resurrection or just another open tomb. "There was a birth, certainly . . ." but? All this, though unsatisfactory from the theologian's point of view ("If his last words are 'ambiguous,' they indicate no spiritual relapse . . . ." declares Father Martindale reassuringly), adds immeasurably to the book's literary quality. Mr. Alan Blair's translation from the Swedish reads excellently.

At home, Mr. Bullett is holding the "A" Subscription fort with a neatly constructed melodrama in the best Slaughter-by-Gaslight tradition. The gentlemen are in silk hats, the ladies in leg-of-mutton sleeves and the horse buses are clip-clopping through the dusk. *The Trouble at Number Seven* begins on a sub-Wellsian note and develops into a grisly "'Orrible Murder!" I am glad Mr. Bullett has an opportunity for one of his long-winded trial pieces because he so obviously much enjoys writing them. His judge and Q.C.s are still the most courteous in English fiction and what this part of his books lacks in animation it gains in realistic decorum.

JOHN RAYMOND

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**Report by G. de Vavasour**

Macchiavelli and the other distinguished foreigners, alas, tended not to shine at this parlour game. Johnson, of course, was never less than himself; and Shaw—but had not Shaw been doing it all his life? To waste no time, however, I append some of the shorter single replies: *What is your private fear?* Victoria: Albert Edward, what he may do next (Robert Gaffikin). Being singular (W. Bateson). Macchiavelli: Public exposure (J. B. C.). Stabbing

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pains after meals (J. R. Till). *Your favourite animal?* Shaw: Man, the only animal that pays cash to be corrected (Fergie). The Irish Bull (Frank Dunnill). St. Bernard (W. Bateson). Apart from man, the amœba. Both have unlimited potentialities (Elaine Morgan). *Your favourite virtue?* Socrates: Virtue (M. L. B.). Chastity: had I but practised it (Frank Dunnill). *Your idea of a holiday?* Queen Victoria: A Highland cottage without my dear children (L. E. J.). To be *alone* with Albert communing with *Nature* in a wild Scottish glen (Frances Lobb). *Who would you wish to be if not yourself?* Shaw: Pshaw! (Annie Allen). Socrates: That I cannot tell, for if Socrates could not be Socrates his desires would not be those of Socrates (Frank Dunnill). Isocrates (C. G. Jones).

But space makes absolute justice impossible. Prizes go to the six all-rounders printed; acknowledgment to the sender (in W. Germany) of a most interesting genuine 20 Questions filled out by Karl Marx; commendations also to Frances Lobb, Fergie, H. K., J. R. Till, Joy Rudd, Hugh Jenkins, Carlton Smith, Joan Lorne, E. M. Hibbert, and the nearest near-winner D. S. Gordon.

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*Holiday?* Driving in a swift post-chaise with a pretty woman, towards a good Dinner, and the company of sensible, well-informed men.

*Wish to be?* A promising Lad at Oxford, not oppressed by Melancholy or bodily Ills, and with his Life before him. JOYCE TAYLOR

*Fear?* The uncertain Continuance of Reason.'

*Vanity?* To have brought my Dictionary to Publication without one Act of Assistance, one Word of Encouragement or one Smile of Favour.'

*Animal?* Hodge—a very fine Cat, a very fine Cat indeed.'

*Virtue?* Strict and scrupulous veracity, proceeding from a Mind cleared of Cant.'

*Holiday?* Driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty Woman.'

*Wish to be?* A Highland Chief.' AUGUSTINE

NOTES.—1. *Rasselas*, chapter 42. 2. *Boswell*—letter to Lord Chesterfield, February 7, 1755. 3. *Boswell*—1783. 4. *Boswell*—March 16, 1776 and May 15, 1783. 5. *Boswell*—September 19, 1777. 6. *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, September 1, 1773: "He was pleased when I told him he would make a good Chief."

BERNARD SHAW

*Fear?* That one day I should have such a thing.

*Vanity?* Mankind's mental obsequiousness before anyone who demands it firmly enough.

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*Wish to be?* I would take the risk of being a son of Catherine the Great by Moses, hoping for his moral fibre and her temporal capacities.

L. G. UDALL

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*Holiday?* Forestry on my own estate.

*Wish to be?* The prophet Elijah, who managed to combine a godly character with the curbing of an intractable queen.

RHODA TUCK POOK

## Company Meeting

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THE annual general meeting of The National Bank of India, Ltd., will be held on April 1 in London.

The following are extracts from the statement by the chairman, Mr. J. K. MICHIE, circulated with the accounts:—

The accounts for the year 1951 again show increased figures, the total of the consolidated balance-sheet having risen to £147,283,674 from £133,404,121 at Dec. 31, 1950. The figures pertaining to the National Bank of India, Ltd., alone show a rise of £15,326,882 over the year, but, contrary to our experience in 1950, and for reasons indicated in my last statement, there was a relatively small increase in deposits and a considerable increase in advances. Consequently cash balances fell, and investments also show a reduction.

After the necessary transfer to the staff pension fund, and after making full provisions for taxation, bad and doubtful debts, and other necessary reservations, our net profits are £419,673, an increase of £48,716 over the previous year. In the special circumstances obtaining over the latter part of the year I regard these as satisfactory results.

We propose to allocate £75,000 to the general reserve fund, bringing our published reserves up to £3,675,000. The amount remaining to be carried forward shows a small decrease of £5,952. Grindlays Bank, Ltd., had a satisfactory year, and we are well pleased with their progress. Our Finance and Development Corporation continues to meet the functions for which it was created

## CHESS: That Perfectionist Again

No. 128

The other day I reported how V. Korolkov, the famous study-composer, has made a habit of trying to improve even such studies which (in his frequent role of juror at competitions) he had singled out for praise or prize. Some readers have let me know that they enjoyed that glimpse into a composer's workshop, and since, indeed, it would seem to be instructive for the beginner as well as entertaining for the *connoisseur*, here is some more evidence for Korolkov's thesis that no study can be quite so perfect as to defy a little improvement. His object, this time, is this study by F. Bondarenko, given an "honourable mention" by juror Korolkov at a Soviet competition in 1946. Before seeing what spice (if any) was added to the piece by composer Korolkov let us taste the original author's own dish. White is to win, and obviously, since the Black Kt is threatening to jump, in three moves, to either Kt6 or B7 and to administer a mate, regardless of the White P queening, White must do something about it. (1) B-B1, Kt-B3 (2) B-K2, Kt-Q5 (3) B-Q1, and now the Kt must return to his sentry duties at B3. He can afford to jump back to Q5, after White has played (4) B-B2; but now White plays (5) B-R4! and wins. Should Black try (4) . . . Kt-Kt5 White plays the B to Kt3, and if the Black K takes it White can now queen his P, thereby pinning the murderous Kt. It would have been a mistake, though, for White to play (2) B-Q3; for the Black Kt could then venture forth to his 5th, blithely allowing the White P's promotion to Q (or R), since Kt-B7 would force a stalemate. It seems a pretty enough study as it is. Now let us see how Korolkov "perfected" it. The first two moves (1) K-Kt1, P-R7 ch (2) K-R1, K-R6 are obvious enough, and now the advanced White Pawns must be handled most subtly so as to restrain

the Black Knight's evil intentions. Obviously (3) P-B7 would permit Kt-R4!; hence (3) P-Q8(Q), Kt x Q (4) P-B7, Kt-K3! (5) P-B8(Q), Kt x Q (6) P-Kt7, Kt-Q2. (7) B-Kt2, Kt-Kt1, and with Korolkov's resonant overture at an end the curtain rises for Bondarenko's own work.

In this week's competition, since one or two of our crack-solvers have complained that the new policy of easier problems doesn't give them enough to do, here is one study that should provide quite a headache for anybody. Fittingly, it is a genuine Korolkov, neither diluted nor perfected; it was a 1st prize-winner, anyway. White is to win, and in rating a complete analysis 9 points I do not feel at all generous, even when adding the little hint that in the 17 moves of the main variation the last half-dozen show a spectacular duel between White Kt and Black R. After this some light relief will be needed, and since **B**—White to win—is a classic probably known to the more experienced competitors it will give them an easy 5 points. It should be quite instructive, though, for beginners who should bear in mind that White,

**A**: V. Korolkov 1946

**B**: Henri Rinck

by hook even more than by crook, should restrain the Black **B** from guarding the queening square of the White P.

Usual prizes. Entries by March 24.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 23

A: (1) P-QR3, R x P ch, (2) P x R! and if Black takes the Q he is mated by R-R4.
(2) Kt x R, R x Kt ch would, of course, win for Black.
B: (1) P x P, R x R, (2) R x R, Q x Kt, (3) R-B7, Q x KP, (4) Q - Kt6, R x R, (5) R-B8 ch! etc.
If (4—Q-Kt 7 ch, (5) R-B2.
C: (1) Kt-B4, Q x P ch, (2) Kt-Kt2 ch, K-K5, (3) Q x R!! Q-R7 ch! (4) K-B2! Q-Kt8 ch, (5) K-Kt3, Q-B7 ch, (6) K-R2 etc.

Prizes shared by D. E. Cohen, M. Kaye, H. F. Moxon, A. Schneider. Equally flawless solutions from D. Finburg, J. T. Naylor, C. Sandberg. A good many others saw the pretty stalemate idea in **C**, but (in spite of my hint) dropped a point by failing to see the merry-go-round resulting from Black's attempts to counter-sacrifice his Queen. ASSIAC


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## Company Meeting

# THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

## FURTHER EXPANSION OF BUSINESS

### Mr. V. A. Grantham on Britain's Finances

THE Ninety-Eighth Ordinary General Meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China will be held in London on April 2.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. V. A. Grantham, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1951:—

Almost a hundred years have passed since Her Majesty's ancestor, Queen Victoria, granted to this Bank a Royal Charter, and I hope that, in 1953, it will be possible to mark in some way the attainment by the Bank of its first centenary. . . . Few people who are not concerned from day to day with British commercial and financial operations in Asia are able to comprehend the significance of the political and social changes which have taken place during a decade which may well prove to be one of the great watersheds of world history. Never have there been in so short a time such extensive transfers of sovereignty.

#### A GIGANTIC REVOLUTION

A revolution on so gigantic a scale might have been expected to extinguish institutions more firmly established than the branch organisation of a commercial bank controlled and directed from Western Europe, but it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the almost cataclysmic changes which have occurred in the social, political and economic structures of nearly all the Asian lands engaged in international commerce, The Chartered Bank has preserved its system of branches almost intact.

#### TRIBUTE TO MANAGEMENT

An important factor in this signal achievement has been the readiness with which our branch managers have adapted their way of life to unfamiliar social conventions and new forms of government and jurisdiction, and adjusted their professional technique to changed commercial customs. In countries proud of their newly acquired standing as sovereign nations and highly sensitive to criticism, the bank's officers have shown patience and comprehension, and manifested an unfailing helpfulness which has won the confidence of the new generation of administrators and made possible an extensive enlargement of the bank's clientele. It is a privilege to be able to acknowledge that the bank is extremely well served by its British and Asian staffs at home and abroad, and that they have never been led so successfully as they are to-day by the general managers under the guidance of Mr. Cockburn and Mr. Morford.

Throughout the period of the war, revolution and political change in the East, the bank has survived with added prestige and a considerable accession of strength, and I venture to hope that it will go on from strength to strength through the storms and stresses which must be expected to accompany the inauguration of what can best be called the New Order in Asia.

#### CHANGED CONDITIONS

On previous occasions I have often said that throughout its existence the bank has sought impartially to serve the needs of the commercial communities irrespective of nationality, in the countries to which its representation extends. Fifteen years ago the numerous Asian territories served by the bank had many economic interests in common. Their fiscal policies were on the whole liberal. Exchange control and autarchical conceptions of government were almost unknown. Throughout the area there was freedom for British citizens to reside and to trade, and between the Governments of Southern and South-Eastern Asia, and to some extent those of the Far East also, there was a large measure of political accord and economic co-operation. In time the administrations of the newly emancipated national States will no doubt restore some measure of economic collaboration and resume multilateral trading, but, in the meantime, the political fragmentation of that great trading area, which extends from the Arabian Sea to the Pacific Ocean, must continue to confront the bank with many new and recurring problems of management and administration.

It is no longer possible to take comprehensive views of the area served by the bank and to formulate policies, however limited in their scope, applicable to the establishment as a whole. Each territory in which the bank conducts business must be viewed, and to a large extent managed in isolation from the rest. Some economic phenomena are common to several of the Asian countries, but so widely do political systems diverge, that it would be dangerous to apply the experience gained in one to the solution of parallel problems in another. Perhaps some slight comfort may be discerned in the present situation from the reflection that crises of confidence, if not political crises, are less contagious than they were.

#### RECORD BALANCE SHEET TOTAL

Again this year the Accounts indicate a further expansion of the Bank's business, and the total of the Balance Sheet at £213,632,879 is the largest we have ever shown, as it exceeds the figure for last year by £20,030,239. . . . The Net Profits for the year are £697,097, an increase of £64,290 over those of last year, which themselves reflected an even greater increase over those for 1949. . . . We paid an interim dividend in September last of 7 per cent., less Income Tax, absorbing £110,250, and it is proposed that, out of the balance now available, a final Dividend of 7 per cent. less Income Tax, should be paid, costing £110,250, making the total distribution for 1951, 14 per cent., as was also the case for 1950.

#### GREAT BRITAIN'S DIFFICULTIES

After making a comprehensive review of the Bank's operations in the East the Chairman made the following observations concerning the difficulties which Great Britain is experiencing in achieving an external balance of payments:—

Much has been written recently on the subject of the United Kingdom's inability to pay for imports with the proceeds of exports, and because of the special difficulty experienced in meeting the cost of imports from the dollar countries, there are many who advocate avoidance of dollar imports and concentration upon imports from Commonwealth and other Sterling area countries and from such European countries as will take adequate supplies of goods from the United Kingdom in return.

While this might be a practical solution of Great Britain's payment difficulties, were all the Sterling area countries able and willing to disregard the effect which such a policy might have upon their Sterling balance positions, and allow their Sterling balances to rise without limit whenever the United Kingdom's imports exceeded exports, it must be evident that any assumption to this effect would be no more tenable than one which assumed that the United Kingdom might continue to import from the dollar countries, trusting to the United States, Canada and other dollar-based countries, to allow the Sterling area, as personified by Great Britain, unlimited credit.

#### AFTERMATH OF WAR

No doubt there is much to be said in favour of Great Britain, for, when this country was predominant in World trade, it exported capital and capital goods abroad in large measure, building up, inter alia, railways in the United States, Canada and the Argentine, and was content to wait for repayment until those countries prospered. Moreover, Great Britain's present plight can, to some extent, be attributed to the results of War and the liquidation of the country's foreign holdings of securities in the common cause of the Allies. Having thus received at the hands of Great Britain the seeds of prosperity, these same lands have proceeded to eliminate Great Britain as a competitor in their home markets, if not by ability to produce cheaper and better goods, then by hedging themselves around with protective duties and regulations.

None of these countries can be expected to adopt policies similar to those which enabled Great Britain to remain for an era the great creditor nation of the World. In fact, the World of to-day is in a different stage of development and there do not appear to be many long-term fields wherein the dollar countries could come to the rescue of the Sterling area countries by investing capital in the way Great Britain did a century ago. If this be so in relation to assistance from the dollar to the Sterling area countries, and the United States has been more than generous in extending dollar aid to relieve distress, it is equally so in relation to assistance from Great Britain to the less developed countries of the Sterling area.

#### U.K. MUST STAND ON OWN FEET

Therefore, it seems essential that the United Kingdom should become able to stand upon its own feet in relation to both Dollar-based countries and Sterling-based countries, whether of the British Commonwealth of Nations or otherwise.

The Chartered Bank, if not the greatest single financial institution based on London, dealing with the United Kingdom's foreign trade, is certainly one of the first half-dozen so engaged, and every year the bank makes a very substantial contribution to the United Kingdom's balance of payments without using up any labour or imported raw materials, and with only the minimum consumption of resources within the country. We may therefore claim, that the bank is a valuable asset of this country, and is justified in giving expression to its views upon this all-important subject of balancing the country's trade.

#### TAX, PROFITS AND INFLATION

The Bank also pays a heavy contribution in tax on all its profits, both abroad and in this country, and the final amount taken by this country, after providing for all foreign payments, is far from inconsiderable. The proportion of profits paid to the Stockholders, who take all the risks, and provide all the reserves necessary to the business, represents a very small share indeed as compared with the taxation the Bank pays. So the inflation caused by the payment of dividends by this Bank scarcely exists. And if taxation were less, the bulk of the saving to the Bank would not be paid out in increased dividends, but would be used in the furtherance of our business abroad. As the position stands to-day, what the Bank pays in taxation here on profits earned overseas, is spent in this country, and to this extent we are debarred from helping to increase the foreign income which this country so urgently needs.

Here we have a concrete instance of taxation which is both damaging to the country's foreign payments position and, at the same time, contributes to inflation within the country. There can be no justification for expenditure in this country, whatever it may be for, if it leads to the ruination of other nations in the Sterling area, through the collapse of Sterling as a World currency.

The plain fact of the matter is that Great Britain must live within its income. That Great Britain is not doing so at present is patent in its inability to balance the foreign payments position. In other words Great Britain is taking more out of the common pool than it is putting into it. This position can only be rectified by putting more into the pool and/or by taking less out of it, which means working harder and/or lowering the standard of living.

#### GREATER EFFORT NEEDED

The outlook is therefore sufficiently bleak; but the unequivocal declarations of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer have given hope that the Government will leave no stone unturned to correct the disequilibrium of Great Britain's foreign payments position, and I have therefore felt justified in putting my views on this painful subject before our Stockholders, which hitherto I have refrained from doing. Given the ability to increase production of coal and steel, and accelerate the building of ships, and the production of all kinds of motor vehicles and machinery, the welfare state without modification would be well within the grasp of the people, and the balance of payments position would take care of itself.

No doubt all this is clearly in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but until the people of the country can be inspired to greater efforts (which to be effective must not carry with them equivalent monetary gains) the measures open to the Government to balance our foreign payments position are in the main of a restrictive nature. The balance of payments once achieved, however, must be regarded as the initial step to greater effort and greater freedom. Only so will the country regain its stature and justify the use of Sterling as the World's most used and most useful currency.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.*

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the posts of Senior Lecturer in English and Lecturer in Economics and Economic History from July, 1952. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer, Men £600 × £25 - £850 p.a.; Women £550 × £25 - £700 p.a. Lecturer, Men £550 × £25 - £700 p.a.; Women £425 × £25 - £575 p.a. Plus a variable cost of living allowance, at present about £109 p.a. for single persons and £256 p.a. for married persons. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the initial salary. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is April 15, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Assistant Lectureships. Applications are invited for six Assistant Lectureships—in Classics, Geography, Geology, Physics, Sociology, and Economic Statistics. Salary £400-£450-£500 a year, according to qualifications & experience, with membership of F.S.S.U. & Family Allowances Scheme. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent.

B.B.C. requires Senior Assistant (Scientific Talks) for European Services. Work entails acting as Science Correspondent, writing and occasional commissioning of talks in field of science and technology and broadcasting own material in English Service to Europe. Wide general knowledge of scientific and technological matters and ability to present them in simple terms for broadcasting to a European audience are essential. Knowledge of European languages useful but not essential. Starting salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to maximum £1,330. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days marked "Eur. Talks N.Staff." For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY Borough of West Bromwich. Education Department. Applications are invited for the appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Service which is at present being established by the Authority. In addition to the Centre the Service will include a Residential Special School for Maladjusted Children. Candidates should have a Diploma in Mental Health and training in P.S.W. work. Salary in accordance with the National Scale (National Negotiating Committee for Hospital and Allied Services), i.e., £420 × £20 to £580. Applications should reach the undersigned as soon as possible and state age, experience, qualifications, present and former positions and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made. J. H. Turner, Director of Education, Education Offices, Highfields, West Bromwich.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Children's Welfare Officer (Female) on the staff of the Children's Department. Qualifications: Certificate in Child Care, Social Science Certificate or other suitable recognised qualifications, and/or having experience in the work of a Children's Department. Salary: A.P.T. Grades III and IV of the National Joint Council Scales, i.e., £500 × £15 - £575. The use of a car will be necessary, and the Council has a loan scheme which will assist in the purchase of new or second-hand cars subject to approval. This post will be permanent and pensionable, and subject to the National Joint Council Scales and the passing of a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms are obtainable from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford, and should be returned not later than March 22, 1952. F. G. Scott, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

YORK "A" and Tadcaster Hospital Management Committee, Bootham Park, York. Private Secretary to the Secretary to the Management Committee. Applications invited from well-educated ladies who must be efficient shorthand-typists with good office experience and preferably with hospital experience. Salary, Grade C., £395 × £15 - £425 per annum. Health Service Superannuation Scheme. Applications, giving full particulars and two referees, immediately to York Office of Ministry of Labour & National Service.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Youth Leader required for appointment in the service of the Education Committee for duty at Slough Girls' Club. Salary for qualified leader related to Burnham Scale. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from D. E. Cooke, M.A., Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Competitions Editor in Bombay. Preference will be given to those possessing special knowledge in Commonsense Crossword Puzzles and qualified to administer the work of the department. Applications, with full parties. of exp., age, and stating whether married, single, in first inst., to Box 9336.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Assistant Children's Officer. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Children's Officer. Candidates should be trained social workers with practical experience in services covered by the Children Act, 1948. They should have administrative and organising ability, and should also be competent to advise on problems of individual children and families. The person appointed will be required to act as a senior assistant to the Children's Officer, and to undertake responsible duties in this capacity. The Scheme of Conditions of Service of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Administrative, Professional, Technical, and Clerical Services as from time to time amended, and as adopted by the County Council, is at present applicable to persons appointed on the established staff. The salary will be in accordance with Grade VI of the Administrative, Professional and Technical Division, £645-£710. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the person appointed will be required to pass a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Council. Applications giving full particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference can be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than March 29, 1952. Canvassing directly or indirectly is forbidden. John E. Lightburn, Clerk of the County Council.

FAMILY Welfare Association have vacancies for experienced case-workers who must possess a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University. Commencing salary £450 to £550 p.a. There are also vacancies for assistant case-workers with the above qualifications at a commencing salary of £300 p.a. Forms of application to be obtained from: Organising Secretary, F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

REQUIRED, female assistant to Host and Hostess, various Guest Houses, England, Scotland and Wales. Prepared to assist house-keeping, linen repairs, some office work, domestic work. Pleasant personality, able to get on with staff and mix with guests. £3 per week, plus full board and lodging. Box 9442.

MATRON, combining motherly care with educational discipline, in charge of group of 15 boarders, attached to Hampstead Day School, wanted in May. Box 9635.

THE Deaf Children's Society: the position of part-time Secretary to this Society will shortly become vacant. Applications are invited from trained social workers. Further details from the Secretary, 1 Macklin St., Drury Lane, W.C.2.

PRESENT and past students over 21 are invited to apply for posts as Resident Organisers at N.U.S. Farm Camps. Catering and organising experience desirable. Apply with stamped addressed foolscap envelope to the Vacation Work Organiser, National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

SUPERINTENDENT and Assistant Worker, C. of E., for Hostel for 12 problem children (girls). Some exper. with children essential. Moral Welfare training if possible. Write: Miss Little, 40 Queen's College Chambers, Paradise St., Birmingham.

HOUSEMOTHER or Asst. Matron wanted end April by Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Bridport. Please write: Principal.

COMPETENT shorthand-typist, preferably under 21, wanted for Quaker international work. Apply in writing to Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

SECRETARY Sh. Typist wanted for Indian Students' Institution. Help organise programme, etc. £6 to £7 p.w. Box 9531.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ARR. Paris April 1, exp. Theatre, jrnlsm., welfare admin., French, German, driver. Travel bug. Any work considered. Box 9574.

INTELLIGENT lady (thirties), Jewish, educated secretary, musical, good cook, would keep house for gentleman or motherless family; impeccable references. Good happy home main consideration. Box 9490.

CAR-owner, 46, res. Richmond, with exp. in building, furnishing, display & fine art media, practical cabinet-joiner, sks. position. Wage secondary to interesting job. Tel. PRO. 9008 write 2 Pensford Av., Kew Gardens.

OXFORD graduate twenty years' experience social Welfare home and overseas. Public speaker and lecturer. Car owner—any responsible position considered. Box 9435.

MAN, fully expd. fgn. affairs theatre lit., writer typ., sks. post. Box 9496.

YOUNG man, 29, student Psychology, seeks post with Psychotherapeutic Practitioner; secretary, reception, chauffeur, general assistant. Salary nominal. Box 9368.

GRADUATE (54), Hons. His., Vegetarian, games player, sks. post, reformed diet school. S. W. England. Box 9366.

YOUNG woman, bi-lingual (English-German), good knowledge French, shorthand-typist, seeks interesting post. Box 9650.

WOMAN, 23, University education, fluent German, typist, trained nursery teacher, requires work immediately. Box 9610.

EXPERIENCED teacher offers French conversation classes. Box 9447.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED—*continued*

YOUNG lady wishes employment as apprentice in studio pottery. Some knowledge of the craft. Training College Art and Craft lecturer. Box 9565.

## WHERE TO STAY

OLD Plaw Hatch, 4½ East Grinstead. Kathleen Batten's friendly Hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Lovely walks and good food at the end of them. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

ISLE of Wight Guest House with own sea shore, safe sea bathing. 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. and c., electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp). N. S. Gerrard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I. of W.

ACCOMMODATION in guest house. Ideal situation. Magnificent view, mild climate. Garden. Garage. H. & C. water and gas fires in spacious bedrooms. Guests met at Dun Laoghaire. Book now for Easter and Summer. Reasonable terms. "Saintbury," Killiney, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

NORTH Cornwall, Old Polzeath, Drakestone Hotel. Surf bathing 5 mins. Excellent food, personal service. Open Easter. 5-8gns. A.A. & R.A.C.

SCOTLAND. Brook Linn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths. Trossachs 8 miles. 4½ 7gns. Tel. Callander 103.

CROFT House Hotel, Burcot-on-Thames, Abingdon. This beautiful Country House Hotel is ideal for Convalescence, Honeymoon, Easter & Spring holidays. Brochure: Proprietors, Tel.: Clifton Hampden 32.

SCARBOROUGH. 5 minutes sea. Sleeping accommodation. Double room, separate Slumberland beds, in modern flat, all conveniences. Absolute freedom in every respect. Reasonable terms. Box 9445.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel. Overlooking Bay and 13 miles coastal scenery. Thoroughly recommended. Telephone Port Isaac 291. Terms 5 to 6½gns.

SPRING and early Summer, S. Devon. Lovely position 200ft above estuary, 2½ miles beach. Bus to gates. Extensive gardens, games, music, books H. & c. all bedrms. Home produce. Children welc. Bkg. from Mar. 22. Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton, Teignmouth.

EDINBURGH (West End). Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place. 3. CEN. 4871.

SWITZERLAND.—Book now for spring and summer. For your £25 allowance a fortnight in an 1st class guest house with every comfort on one of the finest spots of the world and £8 left for pocket money. Write for brochure: Hotel-Pension "Le Cerisier"—Caux s. Montreux.

TIPPERARY. Quiet holiday for music-lovers, string players preferred. £5 15s. 6d. p.w. Vacancies May-July. Box 9189.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. 10 acres. Exc. cuisine. 5½gns. Brochure.

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CORNWALL in Spring plus Castle Rock Hotel, Port Isaac, equals the ideal holiday—why not try it? Incl. tariff Easter July, 6-7gns. High Season, 7-8gns. Write for brochure now! (A.A.-R.A.C.)

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HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View."

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BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, E. Sussex.

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LONDON Jazz Club, 100 Oxford St., W.1. Monday Night Jazz Dancing. Members 1s., guests 4s.

AUSTRALASIANS: 7.45, Wed., March 19 at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Social, peace films, records; all welcome. Free.

SINGAWAY. Folksongs, Union Songs, Peace Songs, Ballads, the Ramblers leading. 1 p.m. Sun., Mar. 23. 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2.

HUNGARIAN National Day Celebration (Social & Dance). Max Morris on Historical Significance; R. D. Smith (reading from Petofi, national poet); Hungarian Music on gramophone records; Dancing; at Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, March 16, 7-11 p.m. Adm., incl. refrmts., B.H.F.S. mems. 2s. 6d., visitors 3s. Tkts. from British Hungarian Friendship Society, c/o Hungarian Club, or at door.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B., St. Patrick's Dance, Sat., Mar. 15, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tkts. 4s.

NAOMI Mitchison, Christopher Fry and L. A. G. Strong invite you to an Evening Party, organised by the Authors' World Peace Appeal, from 7 p.m. on Thursday, March 20, at the Arts Theatre Club, 6-7 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Auction of MSS., autographed books, etc., by Miles Malleson. Admission 7s. 6d. (inc. refreshments) at the door, or payable in advance to A.W.P.A., 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

## EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent 1660-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. Free.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1 (N.E. corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields). Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party for members on March 19, Tate Gallery. (15/-, including wine and refreshments.) Also dinner in Rex Whistler Restaurant 7s. 6d. Exhibition selected from Private Collections of Committee and The Patron, H.M. Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother. Apply C.A.S., Tate Gallery, S.W.1. (Membership from 1gn.)

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. New Paintings by Edward Burra. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Massimo Campigli. Sculpture by Giuditta Scalini. Private View next Tuesday at 3 o'clock.

EXHIBITION of Modern Swedish Architecture. The Building Centre, Store St., Tottenham Crt. Rd., W.C.1. Till March 29, 9.30-5 p.m.; Sats. 1 p.m. Adm. free.

FRENCH drawings from Fouquet to Gauguin. The Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 16. Mon., Tues., Thurs., Sat. 10-6, Wed., Fri. 10-8. Sundays 2-6. Admission 1s. Last Week.

CAREL Weight paintings, the Zadkine Exhibition & O. Redon prints. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until March 20th.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Braque, Degas, Delacroix, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Sats. 10-5.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Works by Peter Lanyon, and Italian Contemporary Paintings.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Pl., W.1. Four Young Artists, Michael Andrews, Susannah Bott, Barbara Braithwaite, Anne Rees-Mogg.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under £5/gns. And Display of Art Books.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Theodore Garman. Watercolours by William Gaunt and Paul Piech. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

I.F.A., 45 Park Lane, W.1. Sculpture Exhibition, Mar. 5-31. Wkdays., 10 a.m.-7 p.m. Sundays, 2-7 p.m. Adm. 1s.

HIROSHIGE. Arts Council Exhibition of Colour Prints and Drawings. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till March 15, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6, Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

PHOTOGRAPHS from *Life* Magazine, 15 years of World History in pictures. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. 10-6 p.m. Daily inc. Sat. Sun. 2-6 p.m.

ARTISTS House Exhibition. Fewer Abstract Art to New Realism. Sculpture Murals, Etchings by Peri, Monette St. (Charing Cross Rd.), 11-6 dly. incl. Sat. until April 4.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. James Ward and Romantic Paintings of his Period.

WOMEN'S Institutes Exhibition of Handicrafts at Victoria and Albert Museum, March 13-26. Daily 10-5.45. Sundays 2.30-5.45. Entrance 2s. 6d.

TOYS, Children's Books and Paintings from U.S.S.R., Exhibition, Mar. 11-22 (weekdays 10-8 p.m.), College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Sq. W.C.1. Children's films or lectures daily. Adm. 1s., children 6d., school parties free. Parties from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. (WEStern 1571.)

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

SIR Philip Magnus Memorial Lecture, 1952. "The Humanities in Higher Technological Education," by Sir Arthur P. M. Fleming, C.B.E., D.Eng., in the College of Preceptors, 2 Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1 (close to Holborn Underground Station), on Wednesday, March 19, 1952, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Sir Philip Magnus-Allcroft. Admission free.

GERMAN Rearmament: a Conference with F. Elwyn Jones, M.P., and Rt. Hon. Hector McNeill, M.P. March 25, 7.30 p.m., Livingstone Hall, Tothill St., Westminster. Tickets 2s. from Federal International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HAROLD Wilson on the Budget: Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, W.C.2, 7.30 p.m., Friday, March 14. Tickets 2s. from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., or at door.

FABIAN Colonial Bureau. Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., on "Central African Federation." Meeting, Wed., Mar. 19, 7.30 p.m., Denison Hall, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. Tickets 1s. 6d. 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

"THE Voice of Asia": Economic Development in Asia. E. Grimwood, Maung Maung Ji and other speakers. Thursday, March 20, 8 p.m. All Nations Social Club, Ltd., Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

RACIAL Relations Group. Monday, March 17, 7 p.m., 32 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1. W. Simpson on "Methods of Reducing Prejudice." Visitors Welcome.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Discussion on "Education—A Training for the Future?" by Dr. A. L. James, Mr. B. H. Montgomery, M.A., Dr. John Lewis, Ph.D., Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, Thursday, March 20, 7.30 p.m., The Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

"BRITAIN—Bridge or Battlefield." Rev. Dr. Donald Soper, Emrys Hughes, M.P., Dr. Alex Comfort, Dr. Hugenholtz, Stuart Morris, Chairman, Sybil Morrison, Central Hall, Westminster, Fri., March 21, 7.30. Buffet from 6.30. Adm. free. Some res. seats. Apply Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501, or Cent. Hall.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tuesday, March 18, 7.30 p.m., at St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The Real Issues of the L.C.C. Elections." Arthur Skeffington. Adm. 1s. 6d.

"PUBLIC Entertainment: What Standards should be Applied?" Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, March 16, at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

TYRONE Guthrie on "Staging Shakespeare: a Practitioner's Viewpoint." Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Mon., Mar. 24, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. (s.a.e.), Shakespeare Stage Society, 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

"OPERA in England 1952." Disc. Chair: Philip Hope-Wallace, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Fri., March 21, 8 p.m.

"THE Truth About the Theatre." A lecture will be given by W. Macqueen-Pope for St. Marylebone Public Libraries at Steen Hall, 35 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Mar. 17, at 8 p.m. Adm. free.

QUAKER visit to U.S.S.R. Come and hear Dr. Mildred Creak at Kensington Town Hall, Monday, March 24, at 8 p.m.

LINGUAFILM Cinema, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. "Une Semaine à Paris" and other teaching films, Mondays 6.30 & 8.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. For other languages see next week's N.S. & N.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. "Why I Support the Appeal for a 5-Power Peace Pact." Speakers: Ligeutam-Kessel, O. Leverton, D. Sinclair, Sutherland. March 21 at 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. Hampstead Peace Council.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., Mar. 18, at 7.45 p.m. "Social Services and the Young." Speaker: Miss Nora Mangel, recently returned from Czechoslovakia. Chairman: Mr Ken Walters. All welcome: adm. free.

LUNCH hour talk on "South Africa," by Miss M. Vitensky, on Tues., Mar. 18, 12.45 p.m. Adm. 6d. Canteen. St Alban's Community Centre, 29 Marchant St., S.W.1.

PUBLIC Meeting: Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1, nr. Vict. Sta. "Puppet Kids!" (Population & Peace.) Sun., Mar. 23, 7 p.m. Socialist Pty. of Gt. Brit.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Tues., Mar. 18. Dr. Chaim Rabin will give the Presidential Address on "Jewish Culture Today." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, 8.15 p.m. Visitors 2s.

DR. Eustace Chesser: "Some Marriage Difficulties." Mon., March 17, at 7, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Admission (single or double 1s.), arranged by The Ethical Union.

BUDDHIST Society, 106 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Wed., March 19, 6.30 p.m. "Modesty": H.S.H. Prince Subha Svasti.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. March 16: "What is Death?"

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. Mar. 22, 6 p.m. F. W. Barker: "Images d'Afrique." Avec projections.

"IS Religion Necessary?" Questions answered by H. J. Blackham, V. Flemming, E. Henry, J. H. Lloyd. Hampstead Ethical Society, 7A1 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., March 16, 7.45.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 16, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "The Grounds of Toleration." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

G. E. O'DELL: "The Messiahship of Man." At the Ethical Church, 64 Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., March 16, at 11 a.m.

"ESOTERIC Teachings of the Druids." D. Jeffrey Williams. Sun., Mar. 16, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 17 Belsize Square Gardens, N.W.3. Sunday, March 16, 8 p.m. "Social Aspects of Prophetic Literature"—Dr. S. Stein.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre (63 Cromwell Rd., S.W.7). Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30, Mar. 20, "The Cosmos—The Microcosm." All welc.

"COMMERCIALISED Broadcasting" to be discussed by Maurice Gorham and George Millar. Thurs., Mar. 20, "The Wellington," Roseberry Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Mt. Pleasant), 7.30. Adm. free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 18, Adrian Burail, "What is Art?" Adm. free. Coffee.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

ANNUAL Conference of World University Service. Theme: "Universities & Nationalism." Apr. 2-9. University Coll. of N. Staffs., nr. Stoke. £4 17s. 6d. Talks, discussions, excursions, social activities. Details: W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Pl., W.1.

"EDUCATION in underdeveloped areas." Week-end conference, March 21 to 23, Haddesdon, Herts. Speakers: W. E. F. Ward & educationists from Africa, Jamaica, Cuba, Brazil, Yugoslavia and Malaya. Cost 25s. 6d. Apply C.E.W.C., 25 Charles St., W.1.

LEARN to learn a foreign language! Prof. W. E. Collinson, Erika Wirz (German tutor) & R. G. Faithfull (Italian tutor) will be at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon, for the week-end April 4-7 to help you make a start. Write for details or phone Checkendon 221.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-mural Studies. Week-end courses at the Shakespeare Institute, Stratford-upon-Avon: April 18-20: Shakespeare's Last Plays. May 2-4: As You Like It. May 16-18: Shakespearean Comedy. May 30-June 1: The Festival Plays. June 13-15: Macbeth. June 27-29: Elizabethan Architecture. Sept. 26-28: Elizabethan Keyboard Music. Oct. 10-12: Jacobean Comedy. Further details from: The Director of Extra-mural Studies, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham.

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care, Children Act, 1948. Courses of training for boarding out work, adoption supervision, after care, etc. The training courses are held at Universities and are open to men and women between 21 and 40 who are graduates and/or are qualified in social science, teaching or health visiting, or who have comparable qualifications. They should have had some experience of social work or of work with children. Preference will be given to those of 25 and over. The training lasts one year and leads to the award of the Council's Certificate in Child Care. Notice to Intending Applicants: Applications for the next training courses starting in October, 1952, should reach the Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office, Room 6052 (Block 3), Horseferry House, Thorney Street, London, S.W.1, not later than March 31, 1952. (Full particulars of training and grants available to cover cost of fees, maintenance and travelling exps. obtainable from above address.)

PRINCESS Alice College, Sutton Coldfield. (A Residential College for Child Care Workers.) Immediate applications are invited from women (18-40) for 12-month and married couples who wish to study for a Home Office Certificate in Child Care and qualify for residential posts in children's work. Government grants to cover cost of fees, maintenance and other expenses available in suitable cases. Next course begins September, 1952. Write for prospectus and particulars of qualifications, etc., to the Principal.

LONDON University and other exams. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance requirements, Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ord. and Adv.), London, Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 26 Burlington House, Cambridge.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Kufstein in the Inn Valley, with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 222mks.; 21 days 296mks.) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money left out of your £75 currency allowance will be £16 for 14 days. Write for leaflet "1952 Summer Courses"—Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Mathematics. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Hum. 5956.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages, 32 All Language. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses, Day & Evng. Classes, Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

(Lecture Courses, etc., cont. on p. 331)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 330 and 331

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